CHRISTIAN REGISTER
AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1838. NO. 888--VOL. XVII.—NO. 33.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Sermons.

NO. XXIX.

THE DOOR SHUT, AND THE CAUSE.

MATTHEW XXV. 10. The bridegroom came; and they that were ready, went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut.

My hearers, assembled in the courts of salvation, what arresting words are these! You have what rational beings, probationary agents, ought most to desire,—I mean gracious encouragement and awful warning. Do you sustain the character of true Christians,—awake and watchful,—ready for the enjoyment of the marriage-feast? The bridegroom gives you this morning a cordial welcome; he invites you in with him; and he treats you with hospitality worthy of himself. On the other hand, are you unthoughtful, careless of consequences, unprepared? Equally certain is your exclusion from favor: the bridegroom knows you not, and the door is shut.

Would you ask me the import of this representation?

Our Lord compares the gospel-dispensation to a marriage-festival; himself he denominates the bridegroom; and under the name of ten virgins he comprehends all who are indulged with the privilege of his faith.

The propriety of this parable is founded on a custom, familiar to the nations of the east. They solemnize their marriage by day, and celebrate their marriage-feasts in the evening. When the bridegroom comes at night to conduct home his bride, her virgin-companions, bearing lamps and torches, are accustomed to meet and accompany him; and he, for their civility, invites them in to share the festivities of the occasion.

From this custom the divine teacher draws the instruction of the parable. He mentions ten of these female companions, and illustrates their different characters. Five of them were wise or considerate, and five were foolish or unreflecting. The foolish took their lamps, but carried no oil with them. But the wise, beside their lamps, carried oil in their vessels. While the bridegroom delayed to come, they all became drowsy and fell asleep. And at midnight a cry was raised: 'Behold! the bridegroom is coming, go out and meet him.' Then all the virgins arose and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish, perceiving their deficiency, said to the wise: 'Give us some of your oil, for our lamps are going out.' But the wise made answer, 'Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you; go rather to those who sell, and buy for yourselves.' And what was the consequence? While they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and those who were ready, went in with him to the marriage-feast; and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins to the door, saying, 'Master, Master, open to us;' but he answered, 'Verily I say to you, I know you not.' Our Lord concludes his parable with this momentous caution: Watch therefore, because ye know neither the day nor the hour.'

This passage, I have said, contains both warning and encouragement. The marriage-feast of the gospel is provided. Jesus Christ, the bridegroom, bids some welcome to the enjoyment, and some he excludes from the privilege: some go in with him, and against some the door is closed.

Do you again inquire, 'Why this distinction? Why does Christ admit some characters, and refuse to admit others?' These are the considerations before us, and none more deeply interesting can occupy your ear and heart. To one or the other of these two classes, whatever may be your age, rank, or condition in life, you all belong: At the door of the gospel you are either welcome or excluded. O thou heart-searching God! help us this day to realize our state, as it lies open to thy inspection; this day help us to be sensible of our deficiencies, and to repair for their supply to the fountain that is open.

The Savior, I allow, does make a distinction: some he admits to Christian enjoyment, and some he refuses to admit; and if you continue to ask the reason, why he shuts the door against many, or any one of your number, he gives you the reason himself.

I. In the first place, he *does not know* those many or that one. To all such I would say: You do not discover the spirit and behavior which he approves. There is no sympathy existing between you and the Savior. *He* is alive to the necessity of holiness, and *you* are *not*:—*You* are insensible to the very nature of holiness. *He* is obedient to his Father in heaven; it is his meat and drink to do his will; he fulfils all righteousness; and *you* do *not*:—You are continually regardless of God; hardly can God be said to enter your thought from morning to night; and as for your performing his command, it would be your strange work. Can Christian improvement, can Christian enjoyment, be experienced by such a mind! It is an impossibility. Christ does not know you; the door is *shut*; you are amid your own darkness without.

You are a young man or young woman, just emerging from childhood and rising toward mature life. Full of health, animation, and hope, you are about to commence the career of human pursuit. Earth is green, and ocean sparkles before you: your prospect has the freshness of promise and expectation. But one moment pause, ere you begin your course. Is earth, however beautiful, is earth your all? You are eager and impatient to explore the unfolding scenes of the world, but are you disposed, are you prepared, to partake the gratifications of religious wisdom? are you ready to go in with the bridegroom to the marriage-feast of religion? Alas! the father has neglected the son, the mother has neglected the daughter; you have made no advancement yourselves in Christian knowledge and Christian practice: For this reason Christ knows you not, and for this reason the door is shut.

Manhood and womanhood insensibly arrive. Domestic cares, struggles to procure a livelihood, the dreams of riches, and the rivalries of ambition, all in their turn succeed. Were you irreligious in youth, you are likely to be irreligious in *maturity* of life. You have not formed yourselves to relish the pleasures of piety. I do not affirm, that you are abandoned to the gross vices of the depraved, the grovelling sensuality of the lost. A more refined taste, it may be, fear of disgrace, or the contempt of society restrain you from violating the laws of decency. But are you,—I enquire with the deepest solemnity,—are *you*—the less unprincipled?—are you the less destitute of religion? Do you not live on from year to year, as if the present world were your only world? Conscience becomes seared and callous. You set the same example to your children, which your own parents, it may be, set to you. You disregard the word of revelation, and by consequence remain uninfluenced by its saving power. *You* forsake the house of God, and, *O impenitent sinner,—God* forsakes you.

How melancholy the sight, my friends, to see fathers of families disregarding the claims of the Sabbath! to see them sparing from careless indifference, sparing from sloth and sin only an occasional half-day for public worship! and mothers of families,—on whose exemplary conduct so very much is depending,—*mothers of families*, starving their souls from month to month at home, when the temple of the living God stands open to bid them welcome! How ruinous this insensibility, how fatal this slumber of the soul, introduced into the privacy of retirement, the very heart of home! Alas! such fathers, and such mothers, know not the Savior of sinners, and he neither knows nor acknowledges them. The door of Christian improvement is shut; the door of Christian enjoyment is closed.

And does all end here? Would to God this were the termination of guilty indifference! Some of you may remember with tears of gratitude the anxious cares of a Christian father, the tender assiduities of a Christian mother; but how much better to lose your parents in early years, than to have your mother grow gray in reckless disregard of religion! than to have your father become a wicked old man, a contagion to the hallowed limit of home, a nuisance to the community, and accursed of a long-suffering God!—Alas for the aged, when not only void of the principles and satisfactions of the gospel, when not only destitute of the impressions of piety themselves, but contaminating all around them, according to the extent of their influence, with the scoffings of infidelity! Treating the Bible with disgustful irreverence, treating holy things with mockery, deriding the sacredness of the Sabbath, sneering at the miracles of the Son of God, and discrediting the immortality he revealed, and the retribution he taught. These crimes, I apprehend, come as near that shuddering sin, the sin against the holy spirit, never to be forgiven, as the circumstances of modern time admit. Already the voice of judgment seems to have gone forth: I know not whence ye are, depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; and the door is shut;—the door of expectation is closed; unprepared and depraved, you are consigned to your doom.

Viewing such characters as these, in the buoyancy of youth, viewing them in the maturity of strength and reason, and viewing them when the seal of death seems to be imprinted on their forehead, their forehead furrowed by years of presumptuous sin, can you wonder, my friends, that Christ makes a distinction? that he closes the gate on such as he knows not, and on such as know not him? You cannot, you do not wonder. It is *not* the favoritism of a monarch, baseless and irrational: no, it is the choice of one who knows what is in man; it is the preference of a friend, who prizes, wherever found, all resemblance to his own irreproachable character; and by consequence, it is the exclusion of an enemy,—it is the rejection of one, who opposes the maxims of his administration;—in a single word, it is the rejection of one who is *unprepared* for the joy and glory of his kingdom.

II. In the second place, a cry has been raised at midnight: Behold! the bridegroom is coming; go ye forth to meet him. Do you wish to participate in the privilege of attending him, the honor of admittance to his marriage-feast? Blessed be the Father of mercies, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! long have you known the qualifications requisite for acceptance. Not more brilliant is the book of the heavens, emblazoned with light, with characters formed of stars, than the grand directory of the gospel is legible and explicit. And what is that directory of God? OBSERVE ALL THINGS, WHATSOEVER CHRIST HAS COMMANDED. Would you become Christians? would you secure the recompenses of Christians? I say to you as Moses said to the Israelites: 'Treasure up these words in your heart, and in your soul, and bind them for a token upon your hand; and let them be as frontlets between your eyes. Teach them to your children; speak of them, when ye sit in your houses, and when ye walk in the way; when ye lie down, and when ye rise up. Inscribe them upon the door-posts of your houses, and upon your city-gates; that your days, and the days of your children may be multiplied, as the days of the heavens over the earth.' OBSERVE ALL THINGS, WHATSOEVER CHRIST HATH COMMANDED. What these commandments are, I could not and I need not this morning particularize To develope the principles and requisitions of the Christian faith,—this is the life-long work of the ambassador of Christ. In the years that are gone, some of you, I trust, have experienced their power; and many more who have not experienced and exemplified their power, have perceived and acknowledged their divine simplicity. But this perception and this acknowledgement are not enough. The foolish virgins, when the bridegroom was approaching, and their empty lamps were expiring, saw the brightness of their companions' lights, trimmed and beaming with a full lustre; but they saw only to feel and confess their own deficiency. Was it too late to procure a supply? When the bridegroom came, met his bride, and her companions, returned to his mansion, and welcomed in those who were ready, was the door shut? Beware, my friends, lest you resemble these five attendants, so unreflecting, dilatory, and delinquent: beware, too, lest you suffer their doom of exclusion from the marriage-feast of the gospel. Consider, ere it be too late, the danger of delay. If you would not forfeit the opportunity of salvation, be ready and watchful: go out and meet the messenger of the Eternal, who comes to offer you that assurance of life. Remember the day of Jerusalem, to which this parable alludes. If you know neither the day nor the hour of your summoning, awake from the slumber of security; be alive to the interest of your immortal nature; and *use the means* appointed for its perfection. The time may come to you, remember, as it comes to many thousands every day, when with intense eagerness you shall exclaim, 'Lord, Lord, open to us, give us admission to thy heavenly kingdom; but when the awful voice shall go forth, resounding through heaven, earth, and hell: 'Verily I say to you, I know you not. Depart. My kingdom is a kingdom of righteousness. It is prepared for those alone, who love and practise holiness. It is the rest remaining for the people of God. Depart. Assuredly I do not know you.' And the door will be shut.

How very imperfectly you *realize* the truth of representations like these! But not the *less* because you do not realize it,—not the less,—does your delinquency stand recorded in the book of remembrance; not the less will it rise against you in the hour of judgment. You do not realize, I repeat, the truth of revelation. Suppose this conviction, for example, strong upon your souls,—that the *present* Sabbath were the *last* which your Disposer would allow you upon earth. Would you fail to manifest the alarm working at your heart? Oh no: the Omniscient would see,—a sight He very seldom has seen,—your whole community assembling in this house of penitence, prayer, and pardon. Were you assured of dying before sunset, He would see you, each one, crowding his courts of salvation. With solicitude the most unintermitted, with earnestness the most intense, He would see each one of you listening, for the last time, to the messages he sent you by his messenger of mercy. The breathing of every soul he would see to be: 'What shall I do to escape destruction! O what shall I do to be saved! Lord, I believe,—help thou my unbelief. *May* I share the baptism of him who fulfilled all righteousness? *May* I bring my sons and daughters to the font? Once,—unworthy as I am,—Oh! may I once remember at his table him who died for me!' him who is the resurrection and the life! him who has the keys of death and hell!—Believe me, Oh! believe me, you would retire from the solemnities of religion;—not to profane the Lord's day, not to expatiate on worldly concerns, not to destroy your soul with vulgar cavilling, not to scoff at, not to treat with levity things venerable and sacred;—but to assemble in family groups, and, as yonder sun approached his gaol in the west, to fall on your faces in supplication.—expecting every moment the stroke of God, that was to remove you to eternity, remove you to the judgement-seat of Christ.

My hearers, this hour will assuredly come to all. To many of you it is *near, even at the door.* O then remember, in this your day, those things which concern your peace. Learn to familiarize those very thoughts, which will visit you in your death-hour. Ascertain whether you have observed, whether you are *now* observing, *all things*, whatsoever Christ has commanded. Satisfy your souls this day,—before you sleep, this night,—satisfy your souls, whether dying in your present state, you are preparing, if not prepared, to go in to the marriage-supper of the Lamb, or whether you have the strongest reason to fear, that the gate of heaven will be shut, and you excluded with the disobedient, the unholy, the delaying, and the lost.

Have I many before me, whom the bridegroom *has* admitted to the privileges of the Christian faith? To such I would say: My Christian brethren and sisters, allow me to inquire concerning your state. Is it well with you? Are you watchful, and awake to righteousness? or do you slumber and sleep with the inconsiderate? The momentous truths I have imparted, from year to year, I trust are not lost on the desert waste; but I sometimes fear you may forfeit your privileges by remissness. Be watchful, proclaims the Master, whose name you bear, and whom you should strive to resemble. Embrace all means of Christian improvement. Let the glow of your heart, and the engagedness of your hand, be evident to all. Remember your perfect exemplar, ever employed in performing the will of his Father. Be it your aim to imitate his holy example,—to maintain perpetual circumspection,—that lively and devotional frame of spirit, so delightful and so salutary. Your spirit may be ready; but may you never forget, that human nature is weak and irresolute. Encourage and caution one another. Exercise a constant watchfulness over your own hearts and behavior; and from this banquet of love, this sacramental feast of grateful remembrance, be your communion with your Maker as unremitted, as the mercies he sends you are unfailing. Consider yourselves as immortal, denizens of a higher sphere, and every day become more and more prepared for that glorious destiny,—every day more and more ready to meet your beloved Master, and go in with him to the marriage-feast of the redeemed. Omit no duty of a Christian. Endeavor to think no thought, to utter no word, to do no action, which you would be ashamed to acknowledge before the assembled universe.

Thus may we, my friends, with warmth of spirit and composure of mind, move forward to the many mansions of our Father's house. Never may we tremble or be dismayed. To all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, to all who sincerely endeavor to practise the principles of his faith, to all who are watchful, not knowing the day or the hour of his coming, the door of eternal life is never shut. By night and by day it stands open to welcome the friend of God and follower of the Lord of life.

[From the Berean Guide.]

THE OLD SAILOR WHO WOULD NOT BREAK THE SABBATH.

On the western coast of Great Britain, there is now living an old man-of-war's man, who, on the mighty deep, served his king and country many years. He was a most notorious character for drunkenness, swearing, fighting, and Sabbath breaking. Peace takes place, William returns to his native shores, where his peaceful neighbors soon discovered that a monster in human shape had arrived amongst them. But God said unto him, 'Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further.' The monster became a man; the man became a Christian; the Christian became eminent through the preaching of 'Christ and him crucified.' He is now a day-laborer with a gentleman who keeps a pleasure-boat for his own amusement. One Sabbath, some wreck was discovered floating not far from shore, and William was despatched from his cottage to bring the wreck to land; but the old man-of-war's man refused to go: he had broken too many Sabbaths, and he had resolved to break no more. 'No,' said he to the messenger, 'I cannot, I dare not. Tell my master that I am his willing servant every day except the Sabbath. To-day I have another Master to serve, and him only will I serve on the Sabbath.' The messenger returned with the old sailor's reply. The master was conscience-struck that William had acted properly, and was so convinced of the excellent motive that had made him disobey his commands, that he never said a word to him on the subject. In addition to this, it may be pleasant to hear what forms a part of William's employ on the Sabbath. At two o'clock in the afternoon, he may now be seen at a Sunday school, teaching the children of the neighborhood to read and understand the miracles of God, whom alone he owns as his Master on the Sabbath.

DREADFUL SUPERSTITION.—The Rev. Richard Knill, the zealous agent of the London Missionary Society, at a meeting at Leeds recently gave a thrilling and dreadful account of a superstition which has lately been discovered to prevail in a part of the Madras presidency, India, where the farmers are in the habit of fattening and killing boys, and cutting their flesh from their bones whilst they are yet alive, and sending a piece of their flesh to each of their fields or plantations, that the blood may be squeezed out of it on the soil before the child dies: this being done with the view of making the soil more fertile! Twenty-five boys, amongst the finest that could be found, were discovered by the British soldiery in one place, under the care of the priests, fattening for slaughter; and in another place fifteen were found. They were, of course, rescued, and put under the care of the collector; and it was believed the missionaries would take charge of the poor infants and bring them up in the Christian religion.

Extracts from an Address delivered before the Peace Society of Amherst College, July 4, 1838. By Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins.

TRUE WAY TO PREVENT WAR.

Spend the money which we now squander for warlike preparation, in educating the hundred thousand voters, who cannot read the constitution of our country, nor write their own names, and we should then be safe. Better sell our arsenals and muskets, our war ships and swords, and buy spelling books, and turn our generals and commodores into school masters, if we wish to prepare for, and keep peace, than increase our army and navy as we are doing. I never had a doubt but that in our quarrel with France, we should have had war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt, had we been ready for it. Had our coast been lined with ships of war, like blood hounds ready to slip from the leash, the deep would now be reverberating with the roar of our cannon, and be stained with the blood of our fathers and mothers. Our commanders knew we should be beaten for five years if we began, and they had no desire to fight unless they could reap a rich harvest of glory. To prevent war, be unprepared for it; so when the passions are up they will have time to subside, ere we can act. A warlike spirit and preparation is the most active and deadly foe of peace. Who is the peaceful man; he who carries his dirk and pistols, or he who is unarmed, and careful in the discharge of his duties? Is not the man with a bowie knife looking out for insult, seeking for an opportunity to show his courage? Who are the quarrelsome members of society? are they not our boxers and fighters? In what neighborhood would you prefer to live for safety's sake; in that where knives and dirks were worn and used, or in that where no such weapons were named or known? The spirit of war—the military spirit, is the one for us to fear: it is the one, which will plunge us into blood.

The boast which war makes, that it defends us from insult and attack from abroad, is equally false as the assertion, that it preserves peace at home. What nation has been prepared for war, which has not had war? The best preparations are attended, on the part of those who make and possess them, with a desire to use them; and so far are they, as we have already observed, from protecting us, that they excite us to try our power, and show how brave we are. Besides, to attack a nation which is well defended, if there be a possibility of success, or even of a noble failure, is a greater glory than to beat down the defenceless, and tread upon the fallen. Nothing but the deepest meanness could induce a nation to attack a defenceless people, whose only preparation for insult was a spirit of forgiveness, whose only return for wrong was a kiss. No laurels would be gathered on such a field as this, and the commander who should be sent to crush to the dust such a people, would shoot himself for shame. It is not in human nature, unless sunk to the lowest depth of infamy and debasement, to insult and mock and destroy the weak and defenceless. Innocence is clothed with triple steel. I say then, that war and all its boasted heraldry, is a poor and weak means of protection from abroad. Justice is stronger than ramparts; innocence is mightier than armies; forgiveness is fleeter than swift ships. Let nations guard themselves with these virtues,—let them not prepare to deluge the land with blood upon every trivial, supposed insult, and the east and the west would join hands together, and sit down in peace under the olive tree.

A SEA FIGHT.

Look at that majestic ship, 'walking like a thing of life,' upon the bosom of the ocean, its sails all white as love, kissing the sky. See the thousand human beings on board, their bosoms swelling high with hope, their hearts beating with pride. In the distance, a flag is seen streaming upon the edge of the waters. It is the enemy's. The running to and fro—the bustle—the confusion—the imprecations upon the foe—the oath—the curse—tell what deeds of darkness are to be done. One short hour is enveloped in smoke, and that beautiful ship is sinking beneath the waves. Its snowy canvass is torn and stripped—its deck slippery with human blood—fragments of human bodies strewed every where—the sea is crimson with the current of life—the cockpit filled with those who are worse than dead, enduring every extremity of torture. Now a smile of joy lights up the distorted features of these mangled victims; word is passed that the enemy's ship is foundering—a shout of victory goes up from those parched and dying lips, and they go down, victor and vanquished, a thousand fathoms into the boiling ocean. What a triumph this! What a work is this for Christian hands to be engaged in! What a dying hour is this, for a disciple of the Prince of Peace! What a rejoicing is this to be uttered by the lips of one who professes to be a follower of him who, when reviled, reviled not again! What a condition in which to meet him who died for his foes! Need I pause to ask whether feelings which produce such actions, which call forth such sentiments, which can triumph in another's misery, and ruin, are in accordance with the spirit of Christianity which commands us to forgive our enemies, as we hope to be forgiven of God; which tells us to pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us?

PEACE AND WAR CONTRASTED.

Go with me to the field of battle, and tell me if it is not an arena of the worst passions which burn in the human bosom; tell me if Christ's religion teaches men to do thus; tell me if he taught the sword to devour, the fire to burn, the bullet to mangle God's image; tell me if loving ever covered a field with slaughter, with the dead and dying; if praying for those who injure us ever carried pain to the domestic circle, and caused widows and orphans to pour forth tears like water. Go with me to the hospitals and see the misery which war brings with it, and tell me whether it be an angel from heaven or a fiend from the pit; tell me whether Christianity ever achieved such deeds of darkness, spread such a curtain of sackcloth over human prospects! No, Christianity is an angel of light, she bears in her hand the symbol of peace, and as she flies through the heavens proclaims the glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people, PEACE. She chants her song of love under the paternal roof, and pours a spirit of joy around the domestic fire side; war startles its inmates by the peal of the trumpet, and sprinkles blood upon the threshold of the dwelling. Peace causes the family circle to utter words of happiness, and put on the garments of rejoicing; war sends up a wail from the bereaved and clothes them in mourning. Peace plants the deserts with roses, levels the mountains and causes man to love his brother man; war blasts the hopes of the laborer, tears the father and son from the fire side, sows discord in the human breast, and stirs up the bitterest passions of the soul. Peace scatters blessings in her path, and plenty attends her footstep; war pours a storm of iron hail upon the fruitful valley, and want follows in its track of desolation.

THOUGHTS AT NIGHT.

The night is far advanced. The last lingerer in the street has gone to his dwelling. Every place deserted, every noise hushed, and yet I feel unwilling to surrender myself to the soft embrace of sleep.

I have been seated for several hours at this window, enjoying reflections, which such a period naturally inspires. There are minds, that derive no delight whatever, from circumstances like these, that now surround me, dull, unimaginative minds, for which, silence has no charm, and solemnity no pleasure. What to them are the stars, burning afar off in beauty and brilliancy? What to them is the impressive darkness, that overshadows all objects without distinction, a fit emblem of the universal darkness of death? What to them, is the perfect stillness, that prevails around and makes us almost afraid to stir? They have no hearts to experience the emotions, which grandeur and sublimity excite. But to the imaginative and sensitive, this period is particularly delightful. Fancy loves it, for she knows it can lift her up to the heights of inspiration and unfold before her entranced vision, glories, that the eye of flesh never saw. Poetry loves it, for its harp-strings tremble beneath its mighty power. Religion loves it, for she derives from it spiritual influence. Aided by it, she enters into free communion with God, and partakes more fully of the rich provisions of His grace.

And I am here alone! Where are those who have been around me, through the day? They are at rest, within their chambers, sleep is recruiting their wearied frames and preparing them for the duties, that a few hours will bring. But where are their minds? Away, away in the land of dreams, mingling, it may be, with friends of other days, sporting, 'mid bright flowers, full of hope and bliss. Dream on, dream on and be happy, sweet friends, while ye may!

'*Alone!*' Is this solitude? *Alone!* I cannot believe it. Though human society is absent, I feel as if the presence of Jehovah were here; as if angels were around me. I feel 'as if a cloud of witnesses' were observing me. Alone! no, not at all. The memory of the past is with me and the hopes of the future gather thickly about me.

How many this night, will breathe their last? Oh! how many! Death knows no night, no rest. Earth may have *less* children to-morrow than she has now. Ah, fond hearts will bleed to-night; eyes will weep o'er crushed expectations; families will have their circles broken. To-morrow's sun may shine on many a house of mourning and look on many a new tomb.

'Night is the time to die!'

An end to my meditations. My brain is still active, but nature asks, with an imploring voice, for refreshment. Rest to thee, feeble frame, rest to thee. Adieu, reader, adieu.

[From the Church of England Magazine.]

BRITAIN'S FIRST MARTYR.*

It was during the last and most rigorous of the persecutions under the Roman emperors, the first which extended to Britain, that a Christian priest, pursued on account of his religion, and wandering destitute, in the neighborhood of Verulamium, attracted the attention of an inhabitant named Alban. Alban was a pagan, but he was naturally humane; and the interesting appearance, the mild manner and exhausted state of the Christian, excited his compassion. He offered him shelter, and took him to his own house. The more he saw of the refugee, the more he admired him. He compared his resigned fortitude with the ostentatious apathy of the stoic: the code of pure and unselfish morality he inculcated, with the perverted doctrines of the followers of Epicurus. He saw the immortality for which his soul had so ardently aspired, and of which the best and most enlightened philosophy gave but a glimmering of hope rather than of assurance, clearly revealed; the resurrection to a brighter and more glorious world forming the very basis, the very life of Christianity; and he became a Christian.

'You are by birth a Roman?' said Alban to his guest, as they sat together engaged in one of those instructive conversations which were daily more and more firmly establishing his faith; 'were you brought up a Christian? or are you, like myself, a convert from idolatry?'

'I was brought up a Christian,' answered Amphibalus, and yet I may call myself a convert, too. If you will listen to my history, it will explain the seeming contradiction. I was born of a noble house in Rome, and left an orphan, with one sister, at an early age. We were under the care of a maternal uncle, the Bishop Caius, and educated in the Christian religion. To you, who, after having for years sought in vain any thing like certainty in the wild inventions and errors of paganism, have been suddenly brought into the pure light of the Gospel, it must appear incredible that there should be souls capable of standing in the full blaze of that light, and still remain in darkness. Yet was that my case. I was nominally a Christian; I had been baptized into the church of Christ. The leading doctrines of the faith had, by dint of repetition, become fixed in my memory, but they sank no deeper. In mere externals alone I differed from my pagan companions. I offered no outward homage at the shrines of the false deities; I had not been taught or accustomed to do so; but my heart was a slave to the still more engrossing idols of worldly ambition and pleasure. Persecution is the refiner of the church, the furnace which separates the dross from the gold, the kindling breath which, if there be but one sleeping spark of true religion in the soul, will fan it into a flame of devotion; except for that, I had, in all probability, been still grovelling, unmindful of my high destiny. I was present when a legion, containing upwards of six thousand soldiers, refusing to assist at a sacrifice, or to take the required oath for the extirpation of Christianity in Gaul, was decimated at the order of Maximian. Still they persisted, professing themselves in the most dutiful terms, ready to obey the emperor next to their God, but not before him; and again every tenth man was put to the sword. This second severity produced no effect; and the whole body, true to their allegiance, even while compelled by conscience to disobey, quietly submitted to the death to which they were consigned. I was unacquainted with their tenets; I had disliked them for their singularity, but I could not but admire their calm determination. I felt that the faith which strengthened them must be something more than a name. To the propagation of that faith, I determined to devote the remainder of my life. I was ordained by my uncle, and the good old man gave me his parting benediction with tears. 'Amphibalus,' he said, 'I know your disposition. You have spent your youth in carelessness of all religion; and in the ardor of a first conviction you would glory in being allowed to endure torments, and death, for the sake of Christ; but remember that martyrdom is to be suffered, not sought—suffered, indeed, joyfully, but not sought presumptuously; frequently do I exhort my flock to be prepared for the former; you, I would rather warn against the latter. You are now a minister of the Gospel; to stand against the temptations of the world—to go forth, and in preaching that Gospel steadfastly, year after year, to encounter the daily hardships of a laborious, and as far as earthly distinction goes, a lowly avocation, will give a far higher proof of the depth of your devotion than any fortitude under immediate persecution could evince. I charge you to give this proof; and as long as you can preserve life without a compromise of your faith, to preserve it for a continual offering and a sacrifice unto God. Go! and may his Holy Spirit be with your efforts for the enlightening and salvation of souls.' I obeyed him, for conscience told me he had spoken truth. I left Rome, and pursuing the

path he pointed out, have wandered to Britain; but the arm of Diocletian is extended even here for the destruction of Christianity; orders for its suppression have arrived, and I was flying from his officers, when found and sheltered by you.'

Not many days after this, Amphibalus was traced to his retreat.

'Amphibalus,' said Alban, 'I can conceal you no longer; but I can assist your escape. Change garments with me; before the mistake is discovered, you will have had time to get out of danger; save yourself for the sake of those who, like me, may have cause to bless your ministry.'

Alban hastily arrayed Amphibalus in his own habit, and throwing over himself the hair cassock of the priest, was seized by the officers, and carried before the governor.—His disguise was soon penetrated; but Amphibalus had already left the house; and Alban was scourged and threatened in vain; he would give no information.

'Alban,' said the governor, 'were it to shield an old comrade that you were thus obstinate, I could almost forgive you, for the sake of the motive; but to persist in suffering for a Christian!'

'Noble governor,' answered Alban, 'for him especially I am bound to suffer, since to him I owe more than life can repay—I am a Christian.' 'A Christian!' was the general exclamation, and those who had pressed round in friendly endeavors to extract from him the secret, which they thought he only kept out of a sense of honor not to betray a guest, shrank back at the ominous sound. 'A Christian!' repeated the governor; 'nay, if you avow yourself a Christian, you may even take the place of him you conceal.—Lead him to the altar.'

The alternative of burning incense, or of death, was offered. 'I have renounced idolatry,' said Alban; 'God forgive me for the length of time I have ignorantly preached it.'

It was to a beautiful spot just without side the town that Alban was conducted for execution. A large concourse followed; for he was much loved and respected, and many a poor man felt that he was about to lose his kindest benefactor. He mounted the platform, the block was set ready, and the executioner stood beside it.'

'My friends,' said Alban, 'you are doubtless surprised at my situation: in the countenances of not a few I read sorrow at seeing me so placed; but I call upon you rather to rejoice. I, as you all know, worshipped the deities of the Romans; I bowed down before idols of wood and stone, of silver and gold; but my spirit revolted at the idea, and I said, 'How can they, who cannot help themselves, help me?' I consulted the ignorant: he made use of reason when he cultivated his land, or followed his trade; but I spoke to him of the impotence of his gods, and he said, 'Let the learned see to that.' I turned to the learned—to many I appealed in vain; they were too deeply engaged, each in his favorite subject, to spare a thought upon that; at last one answered, 'We worship not the images, but those they represent.' Then I sought to find who those were: I opened the page of the poet, prepared to reverence these rulers of the world; I closed it in disgust, and I cried, 'Better to adore the senseless block with the multitude.' I gazed upon the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and I could have knelt to them, but I saw the sun still walking his daily path, and the moon her stated orbit. Nightly the stars, ranged in the same order, beamed upon me from the same quarter of the heavens; and I felt that some superior hand had placed them there. I examined the earth, the inanimate stone, the living but unconscious plant, I traced still onwards, till from the worm I arrived at man, and man stood pre-eminent and alone. Did he make the world? Did he call forth this beautiful universe, and give the first impulse to creation?—'There is a God!' I exclaimed; and my soul bowed before him.

'Thus far the light of reason and of nature led me; thus far has it led many before me, and will lead all who seek its guidance. But I was not yet satisfied; I longed to know God more perfectly, to know how to please him. Then came the Christian; he taught me how God made man in his own image, but he by transgression fell; thus were the wickedness and misery of the world accounted for. He told me how the Son of God came down from heaven, and by his death redeemed us from the eternal punishment we had incurred: and I rejoiced; for the offended God, before whom I had trembled, was become a reconciled Father. O how beautiful then did all creation appear! Methought the sun shone with still brighter beams, for my own heart was glowing with gratitude and love. The gladsome lark mounted as before into the cloudless sky, but to me his song thrilled with redoubled sweetness, for my heart arose with him in praises to our great Creator. Better than ever do I love my life—it is his gift: more than ever do I love the earth—it is his work; yet I stand before you condemned to part with both; and I am happy, most happy, for I know that death is but the gate of entrance to a higher state of being; I know that I am leaving this fair world only to dwell for ever in one still fairer. My friends, my fellow-townsmen, let not prejudice close your eyes to the truth: I entreat you to search for yourselves; listen to the teachers of Christianity and then decide between them and the priests of your idols. Of my own sincere belief in the crucified Lord of the Christians, I am about to give you the last and most decisive proof.' He knelt down, and, commending his soul to Jesus, laid his head upon the block. The executioner was raising his hand to strike, when his resolution appeared to fail, and it dropped powerless at his side. Again the signal was given, and he seemed preparing to obey, but the axe which should have descended upon the neck of Alban, was cast to the ground, the executioner fell upon his knees beside him: 'Holy man,' he said, 'your God be mine; I am ready to die for you, or with you: pray for me, that I may be accepted by Him.'

A murmur rose in the assembled crowd. 'Pardon, pardon!' began to be distinguished. 'Ah,' exclaimed the officer, 'we have done wrong to let the Christian speak.'—He looked round at his soldiers: one of them came forward and took the axe. 'Death to them both!' and the weapon, yet stained with the blood of Alban, drank that of his new convert.

To the memory of the first British martyr a magnificent church was erected about the time of Constantine the Great. This edifice, destroyed in the Saxon wars, was rebuilt by Offa, king of Mercia; and the town in Hertfordshire, formerly Verulamium, is still, in honor of the same circumstance, known by the name of St. Alban's.

* From Tales of the Martyrs. Dean and Munday, London.

A BLESSED THOUGHT.

There is not one resident in the courts above, who would return to earth, for the most glorious of earthly portions, or *even for the dearest of friends*. The language of the lowest saint in that blessed place unquestionably is, 'I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the proudest palaces and rule the richest kingdoms upon earth.'

When in some moment of deep and heartfelt regret for those who have gone before us to their rest, we are tempted almost to desire that our departed friends might again revisit us, might again 'take sweet counsel together,' and go up in company to the house of God or unite their voices with ours in prayer and praise, and once more take up a temporary abode in earthly tabernacles, we indeed know not 'what we say.' It is 'good for *us* to be here'—blessed for us who are now living by 'faith and not by sight,' to enjoy these imperfect communications with our God, to be upon the 'Mount' and approach as near to heaven as this state of imperfection will admit; but what would even the highest of these enjoyments be to those blessed spirits who now see God's face in righteousness, and know even as they are known? Oh! If you hope that you have one friend, one relative in those blissful scenes, instead of unavailing regrets for their absence, or desires for their return, be more unceasingly earnest, more devotedly persevering in following them even as they followed Christ, always bearing in mind the consolatory assurance that you *may go to them* though they cannot come to you. Wait but a little while, and the service of the Heavenly Temple will be open to yourselves, and you shall again unite with those you love, in praises which shall not weary, and in a worship that shall never cease.—*Blunt's Lectures.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

VICTOR COUSIN.

It is no small encouragement to those of us, who are deeply interested in the 'Education movement,' that the interpreter of Plato, the first classic scholar in France, has given the whole strength of his rich and powerful mind to the cause of popular instruction; and when a correspondent on this side the water accidentally used the phrase, 'we rejoice that you have condescended &c,'—he replied 'I deem it not condescension, but rather stepping up to aid the progress of popular Education.' And, Mr Editor is it not truly so? Can the philosopher, the patriot, or the Christian have a holier work in his hands than 'aiding the progress of popular Education?'

In a package of books and phamplets just received from this distinguished scholar, there is his 8vo. vol., on the 'Public Instruction in Holland;' a work full of facts, of wisdom and of Christianity. I intend that this treasury of benevolence shall be opened among us, by the speedy appearance of this work in an English dress. In a letter, accompanying the pamphlets, written in all the naivete of kindness, which I found in a personal interview at his study, he speaks of the warm interest which has lately been awakened in his heart for American Education,—and says, 'I see that in America, there is a genuine love of the people and a strong desire for their moral emancipation and progress, without which all liberty is not only chimerical but dangerous. I sympathize profoundly and heartily with all the efforts of the true friends of popular education and I beg you to count me among them on all occasions.'

In another place he says, 'The science of education is an essential branch of moral and political philosophy. Like all other departments of science, worthy of that name, it has need of being surrounded by the light of experience; and to avoid the danger of being misled by fantastic theories, we must lose no opportunity of obtaining an accurate acquaintance with the various systems of education that are followed by all great civilized nations.'—Agreeable to this sentiment is his request to be apprized often of the progress the great cause is making among us. He expresses much gratification at the establishment of the 'Board of Education in Massachusetts.'—He urges with his usual warmth and clearness, the establishment of 'Normal Schools,' throughout the country; and adds, 'I place all my hopes for the education of the people, in these schools.' We, in Plymouth County, are about beginning this glorious work, and I know you will give us your cheerings on our way among other 'God speeds.' C. B.

SUBTERRANEAN MEETING.

From Dr Chalmers' Report to the General Assembly, as it appears in the Scottish Guardian of May 24.

The following fact took place at Stobhill, a cool village ten miles from Edinburgh, to which a district had been assigned, the embryo of a future parish, comprehending other two villages of the same description with an united population of 1200. The spiritual duties of this district were conducted by one of the licentiates of the Church, in the office of a parish missionary, it being his business to convene them to regular public service on the Sabbath, and to take every opportunity through the week to hold professional communication with the families. The school in which he officiated held at first about sixty hearers, but by successive enlargements it was seated to hold two hundred, but there were seldom less than three hundred every Sabbath compressed within its walls. The coldness and discouragement which the missionary had to encounter at first was subdued in a few weeks. The benevolent character of the undertaking soon became felt and appreciated. In one of the villages the population amounted to one hundred and fifty, where there had not been ten in the regular habit of attending any place of worship, but from which place now no less than seventy attend every Sabbath at the preaching station.

From the village of Stobhill itself, which contained a population of two hundred, twelve only had been in the habit of frequenting worship, but now there were in attendance regularly eighty, besides the seven or eight Dissenters, who kept by their meeting houses. In addition to these striking results, the Committee might state, as a gratifying proof of the high estimation in which such privileges now were held, that when the religious instruction (Government) Commissioners held a meeting in the parish of Cockpen, where the feeling had become prevalent, some how or other, that they had gone in the spirit of hostility against the preaching station established there, the colliers, under the influence of this alarm, held a Church Extension Meeting below ground, and in one of the deepest coal-mines in Scotland, where a chairman presided, speeches were delivered, an earnest sense of the importance of the subject was felt, and Resolutions were passed, that would have done honor to any assemblage of well-principled and enlightened philanthropists on the face of the globe. Among other resolutions, they appointed a deputation to attend on the Commission, and this deputation attended there for the interests of their constituents and their families, and gave their testimony clearly and distinctly. It would readily be believed that along with the decent and punctual observance of the Sabbath by these people, a decided and palpable improvement was effected in their habits of industry, and in their attention to the proprieties of a sober and peaceable life.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

CARLYLE'S MISCELLANIES.

We thank the Editor of these volumes. We greatly thank the author of their contents. We have risen from the perusal, in a collected form, of articles which had given separately great pleasure, with such a new admiration of the genius they display, and approval of the moral they teach, and with remembrance of so little giving occasion for displeasure or dissent, that we cannot forbear again calling to them the public attention. They are pervaded with a catholic love, with sensibility to the beautiful, sharp discriminations of conscience, encouragements to the depressed, and a constant proposal of the highest aims in life. They seem to us the noblest monument we have seen to the author's fame. His liberality never becomes loose in these as sometimes, it would seem, in his other pages. The style is for the most part simple, without strange words and perplexing phrases. There is greater congruity in the views, and more of the cement of thought than always combined with his sketching. But these are trifling considerations. The great benefit of these peices is in their lofty appeals to the Spiritual and Immortal within us. They convey the tones of a believing, cheering voice telling of the beauty of truth, the greatness of sincerity, the resources of the virtuous soul,—the necessary success reserved for high endeavor, and the as sure defeat for low designs.

We know not how one can read some of these articles without conscious accessions to the magnanimity of his spirit and the grandeur of his aim,—and without feeling how much better is reliance on the soul, than dependence on the unsteady breath of opinion. Every poor scholar in the land should drink in the spirit of these pages, especially of the piece entitled 'Jean Paul Friedrich Richter again.' And if he have the vital spark of genius within him, he will allow nothing to quench it till it kindle his whole being, and spread warmth through the hearts of his fellow-men!

C. A. B.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE—FILIAL PIETY.

A young lad but newly admitted into the military school, soon made himself appear of rather a singular disposition, by his remarkable abstemiousness. Whatever variation of diet was allowed, he never ate any thing but bread and soup, and drank nothing but water. The governor being informed of this conduct, so very uncommon in a boy, attributed it to an indiscreet devotion, and reproved him for it. Nevertheless, the lad persisted, and the governor mentioned the circumstance to Monsieur Paris Duverney. He had the boy called before him, and with his usual mildness and moderation represented to him that such singularity was by no means proper or allowable in a public institution, and that he must certainly conform to the rules and diet established there. He afterwards unsuccessfully tried to find out the reason that could induce the boy to act in such a manner, and at last threatened, if he persisted in concealing it, that he would send him home again to his family. This menace had the desired effect, and he then disclosed the motive of his conduct. 'You will not, I hope, be displeased with me sir,' said he, 'but I could not bring myself to enjoy what I think luxury, while I reflect that my dear father and mother are in the utmost indigence. They could afford themselves and me, no better food than the coarsest bread, and of that but very little. Here I have excellent soup, and as much fine white bread as I would choose. I look upon this to be very good living, and the recollection of the situation in which I left my parents would not permit me to indulge myself by eating any thing else.'

Monsieur Duverney and the governor could not restrain their tears at such an early instance of fortitude and sensibility. 'If your father has been in the service,' said M. Duverney, 'how comes it that he has got no pension?' 'For want of friends and money, sir,' replied the youth. 'He has been upwards of a year soliciting one, but his money and resources failed; and rather than contract debts at Versailles, he is content to languish in the manner I have told you.' 'Well,' said M. Duverney, 'if the fact appears to have been as you have stated it, I will engage to procure your father a pension of five hundred livres. In the meantime here are three louis-d'ors for yourself, as a present from the king, and I will advance your father six months' pay out of the pension I am certain of obtaining for him.' 'How can you send the money to him, sir?' asked the boy. 'Let that give you no uneasiness,' replied M. Duverney; 'I shall find means.' 'Ah sir,' said the boy, with precipitation, 'if you can do it so easily, be pleased to send him these three louis-d'ors you were so good as to give me. I want nothing here, and they would be of the greatest service to my father, for my brothers and sisters.' How delightful to the sensible mind are such early emanations of pious gratitude!

FORM OF JUDICIAL OATH IN BURMAH.

The form of judicial oath deserves insertion, as a curiosity. It is as follows:—'I will speak the truth. If I speak not the truth, may it be through the influence of demerit, viz: passion, anger, folly, pride, false opinion, immodesty, hard-heartedness and skepticism: so that when I and my relations are on land, land animals, as tigers, elephants, buffaloes, poisonous serpents, scorpions, &c., shall seize, crush, and bite us, so that we shall certainly die. Let the calamities occasioned by fire, water, rulers, thieves and enemies, oppress and destroy us, till we perish and come to utter destruction.—Let us be subject to all the calamities that are within the body, and all that are without the body. May we be seized with madness, dumbness, blindness, deafness, leprosy and hydrophobia. May we be struck with thunderbolts and lightning, and come to sudden death. In the midst of not speaking the truth, may I be taken with vomiting clotted black blood, and suddenly die before the assembled people. When I am going by water, may the aquatic genii assault me, the boat be upset, and the property lost; and may aligators, porpoises, sharks or other sea-monsters, seize and crush me to death; and when I change worlds, may I not arrive among men or nats, but suffer unmixed punishment and regret, in the utmost wretchedness, among the four states of punishment, Hell, Prita, Beasts, and Athurakai.

'If I speak truth, may I and my relations, through the influence of the ten laws of merit, and on account of the efficacy of truth, be freed from all calamities within and without the body, and may evils which have not yet come, be warded far away. May the ten calamities and the five enemies also be kept far away. May the thunderbolts and lightning, the genii of waters, and all sea animals love me, that I may be safe from them. May my prosperity increase like the rising sun and the waxing moon; and may the seven possessions, the seven laws, the seven merits of the virtuous, be permanent in my person; and when I change worlds may I not go to the four states of punishment, but attain the happiness of men and nats, and realize merit, reward and annihilation.'

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

In the course of a recent debate in the British House of Lords, the Marquis of Lansdowne, moving to go into Committee on the *Juvenile Offenders' Bill*, made the following appalling statements, which, we fear, would be too true, if applied also to the United States:—*Salem Gaz.*

Their lordships must be aware that for many years past there had been a very great increase of juvenile offenders—that was, of offenders under twelve years of age. This, it had been remarked, was the case in every part of Europe, but to a greater degree in this country than in other states. A laborious inquiry had been instituted, in order, if possible, to ascertain the probable causes of this increase of time. By some it was attributed to the rapid increase of the population and the growth of large manufacturing towns, while others found some peculiar circumstances in the state of society in England which they were of opinion occasioned the evil. But, whatever the cause might be, the increase of juvenile depravity was most appalling. As the result of an inquiry made in one great manufacturing town, that of Manchester, it was ascertained that in four years the number of children absolutely abandoned or found lost in the streets amounted to 8,610. In 1832, there were 1,954; in 1833, 2,104; in 1834, 2,117; and in 1835, they amounted to the enormous number of 2,435. With respect to the commitments of juvenile offenders throughout the country, the result had been, as taken from accounts lately made up, that in the last two years 5,174 males and 1,275 females under the age of 16 years were committed for various crimes, the average of the two years being 2,587 males, and 637 females. The ratio in London was still greater.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The young man, Barron, who murdered Mr Lyman, at Rochester, New York, for his money—and who *was only eighteen years old*, is a melancholy example of a mother's influence. Showing as he did, at an hour when all human aid was to fall him, that the *first seeds of vice* were implanted by *his mother!* How awful the thought, that she, who should have been his mentor when his mind was susceptible to good impressions, as is the heated wax to the seal, should make a thief, and ultimately a murderer of him, by her conduct! How *his end* speaks to careless mothers, that their very indifference to the impulses of their children, may be but letting them hurry to ignomy or premature death!

Says a letter from which this extract is taken, 'Last evening, Barron relented, confessed his guilt, and acknowledged the justness of his sentence, and, I am told, charged upon his mother the first cause of his transgression; alleging that the first improper act within his recollection was the *stealing of a few shillings*, which came to the knowledge of his mother, who, instead of correcting, rather *approved the act!*'—*Me. Wesleyan Jour.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'Death, art thou such a grim old man,
As they have pictured thee?
O no, thou art a smiling youth,
Bearing a golden key—
That key unlocks our prison doors.'

The fear of Death which has caused, and is causing so much misery in the world, has ever been a marvel to us. We are inclined to believe that in the course of a few generations, death might be even welcomed, were children taught early, to estimate it as it deserves. What can this life be to the happy, but a pleasant voyage, with delightful companions, calm waters, new and varied scenery, but in which, at each moment of freedom from excitement, we yearn with our whole hearts, to the *home* to which we are advancing, where the beloved smile will assuredly greet, and kind tones give us welcome?

What can it be to the wretched, but a damp, dismal prison, the close air robbing us of our energy, the miserable pittance starving our bodies, the unvarying solitude preying on our souls?

What can it be to all, or any of us, but a seat in a play-house, where, though interested with the displays of passion and feeling before us, though amused with the comic, and dazzled with the brilliant, we forget awhile the confinement, the aching eye-ball, the tedious interims, the vulgar, or uncongenial associate, and look forward, with tranquil pleasure, to the final dropping of the curtain. The dread of Death seems to us wholly artificial, and deserves to be classed with many other popular errors. We know childhood may be taught to enjoy a thunderstorm, to watch with interest the 'bright-eyed' lightning, to view with calm curiosity, the rich variegated colors of the serpent, to examine with quiet attention, that 'precious jewel' a toad's eye.

Let any one review his early years, let him trace to their remote sources his fears, and his prejudices; let him analyse his earliest ideas of God, Death, and a future life, can he not trace the fear of Death to early associations? to erroneous impressions, which the experience of after years, has, in some individuals, corrected? The very pictures of Death which we first see are frightful; a skeleton with a scythe in one hand, and dart in the other! O monstrous! The mourning garb, of all the follies and prejudices of civilized society, seems to us one of the most glaring, and ill-judged. We speak not of its needless expense, its practical falsehood, we speak now only of its influence on childhood. Take away this one evil of fear, in all its branches, and how few remain; the fear of reproof, and restraint, in our childhood, of opinion in our maturer years, and of Death through our whole life.

We hold the fear of death to have sprung originally from two causes; the guilt of man which made him fear his God, and the policy of his fellow-man, to countenance and encourage that fear, from interested motives. If so, let each individual add his small but certain portion of influence, to counteract this evil.

Far should we be from wishing to shroud ourselves in the cold philosophy of the Greeks, which could say, 'If you love a vase, love it as a vase; if it is broken, do not disturb thyself; if a little son or wife, the same; then if it dies you will not be troubled.'

But what a moment of time is this life in comparison to our whole existence; our perfect being; one leaf, from a luxuriant tree; one grain of sand, upon the far spreading seashore; one moment, in a thousand years; one drop, in the boundless ocean; one star in God's firmament—yet we waste our lives in grieving, that, to our short-sightedness, the leaf falls untimely; the sand is swept away by a passing breeze; the moment is buried in oblivion; the drop is dried by the sunshine; the star is obscured by the cloud, or the distance.

Strange that we should hesitate one moment for ourselves, in wishing to reach the appointed haven; it seems far more natural to rejoice, and we fully and firmly believe that so we might be taught and feel. How infinitely more wide will be the range of thought, the strength of intellect, the sources and capabilities of enjoyment.'

The perfect and beautiful gradations of this earthly chain, would surely teach us this. And yet we shrink, we hesitate. It cannot be the physical pain, for the physician tells us that very little does the body suffer when the soul is severed from it. How can we fear to throw ourselves into the arms of that eternal friend, who has provided for the comfort of the meanest insect? Is not the essence of all true religion perfect and unfaltering trust? Strange that we should hesitate for our friends. It seems far more natural that we should rejoice, and we fully and firmly believe, that so we might be taught to think and feel. They were young; they needed not the discipline which years must give. The poet says,

'The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket.'

They are now ministering angels in some space of God's creation. They were middle-aged, they are gone in the pride of their usefulness, in the prime of their power. But think you the eternal chain of being and improvement is thereby broken?

They were old, they have gazed till weary on God's glorious creation. Their eyes are satisfied with seeing, their ears with hearing; their long day, full of care, and pleasure and excitement, is past; they lie down to sleep, that they may wake renovated, refreshed; a new being, with new duties, new cares, new pleasures.

A. E.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE DUTY OF PROMOTING CHRISTIANITY BY THE CIRCULATION OF BOOKS—A discourse delivered before the Unitarian Book and Pamphlet Society at their Annual Meeting May 31, 1838 by Henry Ware, Jr.

This is a valuable discourse, replete with useful information as well as with stirring appeals, and destined, we trust, like some of the excellent books it commends, to 'live much longer than the occasion that gave it birth.' The subject of itself—the connexion of religion with letters—is highly interesting and admits of curious illustration. In the hands of the preacher, however, it is disencumbered of all unnecessary array of learning, and made to bear directly upon the objects of the society he was addressing. It was his design—and he faithfully pursues it—to inculcate upon Christians the duty of promoting the spread of Christianity, as by all other good methods, so especially by the diffusion of books.

To enforce this duty, Mr Ware exhibits the alliance of Christianity with learning. The history of religion 'is so interwoven with that of literature, that the thread of neither can be followed out independently of the other;' and 'so intimate has been this connexion, that it has been the chief cause of the extension, which has been given to education in modern times.' It is easy to see how fruitful and interesting this subject might have become, and how extensively, had the occasion permitted, it might have been pursued. We find it illustrated with his accustomed learning and ingenuity in an admirable Tract by Dr. Jortin, who after showing by a copious historical survey what Christianity has done for literature, infers what learned men ought in their turn do for Christianity.*

For the same purpose, though of necessity within much narrower limits, does Professor Ware urge upon the religious community the duty of circulating religious books. He exhibits the value and efficiency of this mode of Christian influence; and having refuted the objection, that it may interfere with, or throw into the shade, the pulpit, and having argued, that the wide diffusion of books may become one of the most effectual auxiliaries of the ministry by enlightening the general mind, quickening curiosity upon religious subjects, and thus *qualifying* as well as *disposing* the people to hear; in other words converting intelligent and thoughtful readers into attentive hearers—he thus happily applies his text.

'Why not divide all Christendom into societies for distributing the printed gospel as it is already so divided for the support of the preached gospel? Why not every individual bind himself to do something for the diffusion of books and pamphlets, just as he does for the regular maintenance of public worship? *To the Pulpit give thine aid and from the Press with-hold not thine hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper either this or that or whether both alike shall be good.*'

And it is pleasant when we are called to an important duty, to know that it has by others been performed; and that such fruits have followed as to encourage the best efforts of those who come after. 'Something says Mr Ware we have already done.' And though we are far enough from any disposition to boast yet we cannot deny the satisfaction we have felt at the survey here presented of what in this good work has been accomplished within the last twenty-five years. It may well surprise some to learn how rich and various this preparation has been. For the benefit of such—and they have not been few—who are ready to charge upon Unitarians the sins of coldness and indifference to the great objects of religion, as well as to refresh the memories of some of our contemporaries who may have forgotten, and to inform some of our juniors, who may not have learnt, we will just transfer to these columns Mr Ware's excellent summary of the fruits of Unitarian zeal in the production and circulation of religious books. The whole catalogue he divides into three classes; first, of tracts and smaller treatises,—second, of large works on doctrinal and critical subjects,—third, of volumes of sermons. F. P.

First, of tracts and lesser treatises; passing over the sixteen volumes of the 'Christian Monitor Society,' and the four of the 'Publishing Fund,' because, valuable as they are, they are now out of print;—I name the eleven volumes of the American Unitarian Association. Few are probably fully aware of the value of this series of little works, because they are seen singly, like the separate stones of a building; let any one carefully turn them over as they are collected and bound together in the eleven volumes, and he will perceive that they constitute a library of sound treatises on many of the most important questions of theology, and on some of the most vital topics of the moral and spiritual life. I name next, the valuable collection of 'Essays and Tracts,' published in Baltimore in six volumes, and made up of standard writings of the elder and other eminent authors. And if time permitted, I might bring forward a long list of separate occasional pieces by various writers, worthy of perpetual preservation, which have been drawn forth by the wants of the last twenty years, and which deserve to live longer than the occasion which gave them birth.

Of the second class,—larger works on critical and doctrinal theology,—we have, first, the several publications of the late Dr. Worcester; the 'Bible News,' one of the most felicitous and effective at its first appearing, and possessing a permanent value; the 'Treatise on the Atonement,' which merits to be in the hands of every man who cares to have a heart thoroughly at rest on that great point; and his 'Last Thoughts,' the legacy, as it were, of the good man's ripe and benignant wisdom. Let me name next, 'Letters to Universalists,' by Bernard Whitman,—the only volume published amongst us on that controversy, and marked with all the care, strength and clearness of his vigorous and peculiar mind. Let me come to the names of living authors, and specify the volumes of 'Doctrinal Discourses' by our venerable brother at Worcester, and by our younger brother of Baltimore; the two doctrinal works* by the former minister of the latter city, and the 'Letters on the Logos,' by one of our brethren in Salem; not to omit the 'Defence of Christianity,' by a young scholar who learned unhappily to prefer honor in another direction. Let me name the learned 'Natural History of the Bible,' a work thought worthy to be printed, and reprinted in more than one form by the British press. More recently, the 'Remarks on the Four Gospels,' a work, whatever may be thought of its peculiar speculations, full of faith and beauty. Then follow the 'Statement of Reasons,' and the 'Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels,' standard works in defence of the books and doctrines of Christianity; the 'Academical Lectures on the Old Testament,' which successfully open the way for the common reader to a perusal of the Jewish scriptures with intelligent faith and a clear understanding; and finally, the translations of Job, the Psalms, and the Prophets, a work to be recommended to all who would read these books with satisfaction, as comprising the advantages without the tediousness of a commentary, and the beauty without the liberties of a poetical version. What a rich list of books does this second class contain! The four last named alone, are enough to render illustrious a generation.

The third class consists of volumes of sermons; and I question whether any sect in Christendom has ever produced so many volumes of a superior character within the same space of time, as have been published among us within the last twenty-five years. It was just at that date, that appeared the first volume of the illustrious Buckminster, which, having passed through three editions, is now alas out of print.† This was followed by those of the venerable Freeman, the accomplished Thacher, the beloved Abbott, and the evangelical Parker; holy and precious are their memories! Afterward came those of men still living—long may they be spared! the two volumes of the elder minister of the church in Federal Street, that of the present minister at New York, and that of my colleague in the Theological Faculty; each signally characteristic, and each unsurpassed in its own class, as it seems to me, and I know not why I should hesitate to say it, by any volumes of sermons in the English tongue. Others I might add. That is a rich church whose pulpit in so brief a period can send out nine such volumes to testify to the fidelity of its ministry.

Thus, then, without pretending to exhaust the catalogue, I have named more than sixty volumes of doctrinal, practical and critical divinity,—all of high character, and some of extraordinary merit,—published among ourselves within a quarter of a century. They may suitably be styled the American Unitarian Library. He upon whose shelves they stand, is amply provided; and the community in which they should be familiarly known, would be well instructed in the things that pertain to faith and godliness.

* Letters on the Episcopal Church,' and 'Inquiry into the Moral Tendency of Trinitarianism.'

† I am happy in being able to say that an edition of the complete works of Buckminster is in contemplation.

* See Dr Jortin's charge delivered to the Clergy of London and Middlesex, May 1765.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

A MORNING AT 'OUR CHURCH.'

MR GANNETT'S RETURN.

At an earlier hour than the congregation usually assemble, it might be seen that some uncommon event was about to take place at our church. Many persons were already entering, with expectation depicted on their countenances, and hastening to their accustomed seats, fearful lest some stranger, drawn thither by curiosity or the fame of the preacher, should have pre-occupied their places. The aged, as they came, were seen to move with quicker steps than usual, as if some portion of their former vigor again animated them, while their faces seemed less marked by the wrinkles of time, and their eyes less dim, as the anticipation of seeing their well loved pastor lent animation to their countenances. Were they not to hear him, as they used to hear him;—and was not this like living over again their former years? They felt not their own change, and only hoped to see him unaltered.

Children hastened thither, whose bright eyes shone brighter still, and whose sparkling faces showed the interest they felt in the scene that awaited them. They knew that their dearest friend, next to the parents who had ever loved and watched over them, had returned; that he who cared for them before had come again, and they knew he had not forgotten them, for they felt he could not.

Mothers waited to see his familiar face, trusting still to see there the kind-heartedness that, even in sickness of body and mind, it had ever manifested;—expecting again to find in him a counsellor for themselves, and a friend to their children. God had made him a parent, and the claim of his own offspring would only deepen the current of affection that flowed for all.

Fathers felt the privilege of claiming as their own, one who had so faithfully performed his duties here, and had so well sustained his reputation when abroad; and they felt proud of those talents in their pastor which had rendered him distinguished even among the brightest ornaments of Europe. They expected a change; and all did. Would he be still the same? His departure had left a gap in our family, which his return was again to fill. He had come back to resume his relations with us, after long travel in foreign lands, where all the grandeur of centuries and their works was about him, and where the simplicity of nature had given place to the sublimity of art,—might not familiarity with such scenes have given him a distaste for his young and yet homely country:—

might he not have lost that simplicity of character, which had rendered him so dear to us? Those, who knew him best did not, could not, ask themselves these questions, for it was distrusting him, in whom they had placed implicit confidence; but, unconsciously, they wished that question answered in his own person, by his own words. They had parted reluctantly, but cheerfully, with him; for they had expected his return; and, in consenting to dismiss him for a time, were consulting his good, but it was not till now, now that he had come back to them, that they felt how much they had ventured, and how great would be their disappointment if he were not still the same.

Strangers, too, were there; and they clearly evinced, by their sympathizing looks, that they were interested in the man, and expected unusual satisfaction from the services of the morning.

Circumstances had conspired to render his return peculiarly grateful to us all; for the debility of our other pastor had made it necessary for us to depend entirely upon strangers for the performance of both their duties; and, however fortunate we had been in our selections, we could not feel that affection for them and that interest in their discourses, which had ever lent the strongest aid to the arguments of our own pastor.

The sound of the organ playing 'Home! sweet Home!' first gave notice that he was among us; and every eye was anxiously turned to the pulpit, and the long, self-satisfying glance of recognition, which the well loved on his return receives, was directed by one and all upon his person. That, at least, was the same; and every one inwardly exclaimed; 'Thank God, who has given him back his health, and restored him safe to us!

Who could describe his feelings? Again on the spot, where first he devoted himself to the service of his God, and where he now renewed his former pledge; where for years he had met his congregation, and that congregation now around him, with joy manifest on every countenance, at his safe return!

He too might fear some change in them as they in him;—might fear to cast a glance around, lest some unoccupied seat, which had been wont of old to be filled by some familiar friend, should now be vacant; lest the sad reality of losses of which he had heard should now be startlingly confirmed to him. The painful truth must now, if it had never before, force itself upon his notice, that he could never meet all as he had done before; that some had left their earthly place of worship, for one more lofty and more blessed. All this there was to tell him, there had been a change since last he stood in that place, and delivered his parting words to his congregation.

The choir having sung a voluntary hymn, Mr Gannett read a note of the following import,—Ezra S. Gannett and family, in thankfulness to Him who has watched over their voyage, who has given birth to his child, and has kept them in safety in a foreign land, desire to be remembered in the prayers of the congregation.

The first act of worship in which he joined with them was prayer;—a prayer which betokened the thankfulness of a truly christian spirit, and one which recognized the continual presence of the Deity, believing that it was by his immediate care alone that they had been preserved.—Never was an overflowing soul more evident and never did a purer petition ascend to the Almighty. Every heart in the vast congregation was melted, every soul felt that God had shown mercy, and that every tongue should sing praises unto him.

An appropriate hymn followed the prayer, and again all eyes were turned to the pulpit.

We cannot, if we would, do justice to his discourse, which gave token of the richest profit derived from his foreign travels. We desire to see it in print, that his congregation, at least, may renew the pleasure they felt in hearing it. They must all desire it, and would all derive benefit from it.

He met his parishioners frankly and generously: anticipated their natural questions and kindly attended to them.

He spoke of his travels and of the institutions of foreign lands, drawing comparisons between them and our own; he told us of himself, his reflections and his intentions: painted in glowing colors his feelings on his return, and gave praise to God that he could once more exclaim 'We're at home.'

His congregation cannot soon forget the thrill of pleasure which the few first tones of his voice sent through their frames; it was a chord which was now struck for the first time since his departure, and the melody it sent forth gave token to all that he was still its only master.

He has returned, and we see him as he was. Is there no change? Assuredly there is, but a change for all to rejoice at. The usual influence of an extended acquaintance with man has been exerted upon him. He has seen him in many climes, conditions, and aspects, and has not failed to observe what might correct opinions based upon imperfect knowledge. His views of his fellows have changed, as he has become more intimately acquainted with their characters. There seemed in his words a philanthropy more than common, as he spoke of such as he had seen in a foreign land. He dwelt upon the kindness he had received from all, and rejoiced that there was so much of benevolence in his fellow-men. He had discovered a new mine of goodness, and it was all around us. The surface might be worldly and selfish, but every man had a soul beneath that could be wrought into social action, and no one had more cause to be thankful that it was so, than he who had so largely profited by it. He has come back with extended information and enlarged views, derived, too, from unquestionable sources—experience and observation.

He is at once to resume his former connection with his society; none of whom can possibly regret, that two years of his life have been spent in the restoration of his health; and in furnishing him with subjects for reflection, which must prove so widely useful in the course of his future ministry, which God grant may be as profitable, as its promise is fair. W.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

It may not be generally known that all Life members of the American Unitarian Association, who have contributed thirty Dollars to its funds, are entitled to receive complete sets of all the tracts published since the origin of the Association, amounting now to eleven volumes. Rev. Dr Ware Jr, in his recent sermon before the Book and Pamphlet Society, says—'Few are probably aware of the value of this series of little works, because they are seen singly, like the separate stones of a building; let any one carefully turn them over as they are collected and bound together in the eleven volumes, and he will perceive that they constitute a library of sound treatises on many of the most important questions of theology, and on some of the most vital topics of the moral and spiritual life.'

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 18, 1838.

For his own accommodation (having been absent from the city, during the greater part of the week,) as well as to oblige Correspondents, the Editor has relinquished a large part of the space in the columns of the Register, which is usually occupied by his own remarks.

SHAKSPEARE'S AUTOGRAPH.

How universally are the smallest relics of great geniuses and heroes regarded with admiration, held at exorbitant price, and preserved with revereutial care.

The autograph of Shakspeare, written on a fly-leaf to the first edition of Montaigne's Essays, 1603, bought in a recent sale by Pickering, the bookseller, has been purchased at a large sum from him by the British Museum, where it is now carefully deposited.

Surely Jesus did not mistake human nature, when he left to his diciples the simple elements of the Eucharist, as memorials of his dying love.

Who can wonder at the deep veneration with which the Commemorative Supper is regarded by the great body of the Christian Church. It is indeed mere bread and wine—but the Savior's own lips blessed the one, and his own hands brake the other.

'It is the Autograph of the Immortal Shakspeare!' exclaims the man of the world or the scholar, as he points out the rare curiosity to his friend. 'It is the covenant of forgiveness written in our Redeemer's own precious blood!' whispers the Christian parent as he conducts to the Altar his awed and believing child.

We lately received the following letter from Rev C. A. Farley of Alton, Illinois. We regret that his health is so enfeebled as to require his removal from his arduous labors.

Alton, July 24th, 1838.

My Dear Sir,—Before this you may have heard of my asking and receiving a dismission from my people, owing to ill health for several months. I have suffered much from a disease of the liver combined with dyspepsia, and a few Sundays previous to my taking a final leave of the Society, my preparation for the pulpit and public services was exceedingly exhausting, and was followed by repeated faintings. With the advice of physicians here, and of my brother-in-law, Dr Carter of Peoria, I reluctantly asked a dismission. This has been to me a most interesting field of labor, and under very disastrous circumstances I have seen a good Society formed here, and but for the times, we should have had a Church by this time. The Society is, except in finances, which more prosperous times will cure, in an encouraging condition, and within a year has trebled its numbers.

I understand that some movement is making to have a lay service, till a successor can be obtained.

I am going to Audoban about sixty miles from here, and twenty from Hillsboro' in this state, for the purpose of renewing my health. My brother who has been in Illinois several years, and my brother-in-law, will be with me. Thus gradually with their experience, I hope to be broken in to farming. Perhaps in some way or other, I may find opportunities for doing something for our views of Christianity.

In a few days we leave here, both Mrs F. and myself, with regret. The weather has been excessively warm, and a course of medical treatment which I am under, makes it still more unbearable.

Hoping you are well, and things prosperous with you, I am very truly your friend and brother: CHARLES A. FARLEY.

The Western Messenger for August, has reached us in the usual season. Its contents are for the most part interesting and edifying.

First Book for Sunday Schools. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co.

This is the title of a little book printed for the use of the South Parish Sunday School, Portsmouth, N. H. It is designed to point out the first course of lessons usually adopted in that school. It is judiciously prepared, and furnishes valuable suggestions to the Sunday School teacher.

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

MR J. McDOWELL.

I think it but doing justice to the memory of the dead to offer to the public eye a sketch of the character of one whom I have known intimately for years. Mr J. McDowell, who has lately departed this life in St Louis, Missouri, was formerly of Boston. He was left early in life with the care of a widowed and invalid mother, which duty (as far as it lay in his power) he performed with readiness and cheerfulnes.—In character, he was ardent and frank, though in any subject of importance, he did not allow his spirits to take the place of his reason. In his dealings with others, he was influenced by a sense of honor and justice. Generally speaking, he was one of few words, but when engaged in conversation with a friend, he exhibited traits of a noble nature, such as the world could not appreciate because he made no display of the powers of his mind. He was generous, many are the small acts of kindness he offered to those around him, such as are felt at once beyond the reach of thanks. In his manners he was peculiarly pleasing, of that gentlemanly deportment, caused by a natural tact, which led him at once to enter into the views of those he was with, and to make him at home in society. He had a decided dislike to any thing like satire, and I have known him leave the society of those who were making the demerits of another the subject of ridicule. On religious subjects he said but little, but his respect for such things, was active in his own heart. With the most honorable intentions he left his home, to do his duty and make others happy. He rendered himself loved and respected by those who knew him, for to know him was to love him, and to be with him, was to acquire some of the calm reasoning which constituted his character. But now he has gone. He has left us in the pride of manhood and youth. That graceful form is laid low. That mild blue eye is closed in death. That voice, which was music to our ears, is hushed forever in this world. The warm affection, which was displayed in the efficiency of that hand, we can never witness again, and would it not be natural to sorrow? Yes—for we are not perfect—but let us strive to be so; let us turn our thoughts to that Heaven, whither we trust, our friend has gone before. Let us view him there as a beautiful spirit called to watch over us, and draw us nearer to that abode of bliss—where, we are told, that 'those who live and believe in Jeshall never die.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MARY ANN WHITNEY,

Child of Abraham and Mary Ann Whitney, of Waltham, aged four years and nine days.

Our darling Girl! and is she dead,
And shall we see her face no more?
No longer hear that sprightly tread,
Which gave us such delight before?

Alas, she 's gone! How soon our child
Was called this changing world to leave!
She was so patient, good and mild,
'T would seem unnatural not to grieve.

She was our first born, doubly dear,
On her our fondest hopes were placed,
Her charms expanded year by year,
Which would her future life have graced.

O how her father loved to dwell
On her bright opening mind and charms;
With joy it made her bosom swell
To clasp her in his circling arms.

Her mother! O who can express
A mother's joy, a mother's love?
It breathes in every fond caress,
And almost equals bliss above.

We watched around her dying bed,
And sought to minister repose;
And saw, when life's last spark had fled,
The dark, cold grave around her close.

O Death! how couldst thou aim thy dart,
And rob us of our precious jewel?
If thou hadst pierced each parent's heart,
It had not proved so sad, so cruel.

Yet, on her countenance she wore
A smile of joy, of peace and love,
When her freed spirit angels bore
To regions of the blessed above.

The body only couldst thou kill
With thy envenomed, bloody dart;
Her spirit lives, and live it will,
When swallowed up, O Death, thou art.

Thy artless speech and winning smile,
We never, never can forget;
Thy heart was open, free from guile,
With virtue's richest jewels set.

But ah! how soon thy spirit fled,
And winged its upward flight to heaven,
For thou wast numbered with the dead,
Almost as soon as thou wast given.

Four years, nine days we saw thee here,
And loved and prized thee more each hour:
For thou all lovely didst appear,
Like some fair opening, tender flower.

We joyed to view thy budding charms,
Which such rich promise early gave;
And whilst we joyed, we felt alarms,
Lest nought those buds of hope could save.

Yet still we dare not, will not mourn,
And consolation all refuse;
For, though our child from us is torn,
Again, we know, she life renews.

In heaven, amidst the shining choirs,
Which those celestial mansions throng,
On sweet-toned harps and golden lyres,
She helps to swell Redemption's song.

Then fare thee well, sweet child, farewell,
Till we in heaven again shall meet;
Where souls redeemed forever dwell;
And find their joy and bliss complete.

C. F.

INTELLIGENCE.

American Institute of Instruction—The Annual Meeting for 1838, will take place at Lowell, Ms., on on Thursday, 23d. instant, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and continue in session five days. The lectures to be as follows, viz:

On Thurday—1. Introductory,—by Rev. Charles Brooks, Hingham, Ms.; 2. 'On the teaching of English Grammar,' R. G. Parker, Boston; 3. 'Model Schools,' Thomas D. James, Philadelphia; 4. 'The German language and Literature,' Hermann Bokum, Cambridge, Ms.

Friday—5. 'Man—the subject of Education,' S. G. Goodrich, Roxbury, Ms.; 6. 'The importance of a thorough education for American Teachers,' David Mack, Cambridge, Ms; 7. 'Oral Instruction,' Ezekiel Rich, Troy, N. Y; 8. 'Mutual duties of teachers and parents,' David P. Page, Newburyport, Ms.;

Saturday.—9. 'School Libraries—the best method of procuring and managing them,' Hiram Fuller, Providence, R. I.; 10. 'The practicability of introducing vocal music as a branch of education, into our common schools,' Joseph Harrington, jr. South Boston; 11. 'The head and the heart,' or 'the relative value and importance of literature and moral culture,' Doct. Elisha Bartlett, Lowell, Ms.; 12, 'Astronomy,' Joseph Lovering, Cambridge, Ms;

Monday—13. 'The characteristics of a good teacher,' George W. Warren, Charlestown, Ms.; [after which, the Institute will adjourn to hear the address of Horace Mann—Secretary of the Mass. Board of Education—before the Middlesex Convention, and such other exercises as may be presented to the Convention.]

Tuesday—14. The literary responsibility of a teacher,' Charles White, Owego, N. Y.; 15. 'The bearing that school instruction has upon the common duties of life,' A. B. Muzzey, Cambridgeport, Ms; 16. 'Mind and its developements,' Emerson Davis, Westfield, Ms.; 17. 'The school system of Connecticut,' Denison Olmsted, New-Haven, Conn.

Several other gentlemen are expected to be present, who will deliver lectures in the evenings. Among them, Prof. Espy, of Philadelphia.

Discussions will be held at such times as the Institute may direct. Two of the questions are, 1. 'The expedieney of an Itinerant Lecturer on School Topics;' and 2. 'Whether a more copious use of Oral Instruction might be beneficially engrafted upon that of text book;' to be introduced by Mr Brooks, with some account of the Borough Road School in London; followed by statements respecting the Sessional School of Edinburgh by Mr Russell, and continued by an account of Mr Rich's school, at Troy, N. H.

G. F. THAYER, *Chairman*, } *Com. of*
THOS. CUSHING, JR., *Sec'y*, } *Arrangements*
Boston, Aug. 11, 1838.

The Resumption of Specie Payments.—On Monday last, the banks of New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Virginia, and perhaps some other States, resumed specie payments; and it is now certain that the resumption, before January next, will extend to all the States in the Union except Mississippi, and perhaps Tennessee and Alabama.—*Atlas.*

Great Project.—The Cleveland Herald states that the following letter had been addressed to a mercantile house in Oswego;—

Toronto, July 21.

Captain McAuly, who is at the head of our engineer department, told me yesterday that Lord Durham is determined to make a ship canal to Lake Erie, from the sea, and that the navigation of the Welland will not be impeded by the construction of the new canal. This I believe is certain.

Yours, very truly. JAMES BROWNE.

From Venezuela.—We have advices by the way of Philadelphia, of which the following is the substance, contained in a letter dated Porto Cabello, July 22d:—

Business is extremely dull, as it generally is at this season of the year. The coming crop of Coffee promises to be abundant; the last year crop is over. Perfect tranquility prevails throughout this republic, and we are confident that peace and concord will prevail for the future. His excellency Gen. Jos. A. Paez will unquestionably be elected President, almost, if not unanimously, by the electoral colleges, which will assemble next month for that purpose, and we may confidently expect that order and the constitutional laws will be respected for the next four years, which is the term of service prescribed by the constitution for the President of Venezuela, and under the reign of peace and tranquility, we flatter ourselves that the country will prosper.

[From late London Papers.]

City Entertainment in Honor of the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.—Yesterday this most interesting event took place in the Guildhall. Some difficulty had originally been found in fixing upon a vacant day for it to come off, in consequence of the great number of parties which were pre-announced by the nobility and gentry in honor of the distinguished foreigners who greeted the coronation of our young and truly illustrious Queen with their presence. At length, through the indefatigable zeal of the Committee, and the generous forbearance, we believe, of Sir Robert Peel, who put off an eterlainment which he had meditated for this very evening, the auspicious event took place, when England's proudest and wealthiest city beheld united in the bond of fellowship within the precints of her festive hall some of the most noble and distingnished members of every nation and community in the civilized world. It was a proud day for England—it was, we fondly trust, a happy day for Europe—ratifying, as we look upon it, that pledge of peace which, nearly a quarter of a century ago, was first, with so much pomp, splendor and enthusiasm, reciprocated within these very walls. It was a truly ennobling and touching scene to behold the veteran Heroes, the opponent chiefs of a long previous warfare, vying with one another in reciprocating the warmest testimony, not to their individual merits as Generals (for that were a theme which either of them would almost disdain,) but to the bravery, the moral valor, and the high mindedness which characterize the two great nations, whose troops they so many years commanded; and re-echoing the assurances of the cordial sentiments of friendship and respect which now exist between those two great nations.

New British Coinage.—The London Gazette contains a proclamation, announcing an order for a new coinage of pieces of various descriptions, viz of gold £5 pieces, of the value of 100 shillings each, double sovereigns, at the value of 40s., sovereigns of 20s. and half sovereigns. Also silver pieces as follows, crowns, to have the same obverse and reverse impression and inscription in all respects as the five pound piece, with the same words on the edge; half crowns; shillings; sixpences; and groats, or four penny pieces. Also pieces called Queen's Maunday money, of four pence, three pence, two pence, and one penny value each.—And also a new copper coinage.—*Courier.*

Removal of Napoleon's Remains.—There was a rumor in London, originating from a foreign journal, that the remains of the Emperor Napoleon are shortly to be removed, with the sanction of the British Government, from their present resting place, to the Place Vendome at Paris, in order to be deposited under the pillar erected in memory of the Austrian campaign. Marshal Soult has, it is said, accomplished this mission, in which he was aided by the Duke of Wellington, who, moreover, is to assist at the final funeral honors to be rendered to Napoleon.—*Courier.*

Route to India through Egypt.—The scheme for communication between India and England through Egypt was in progress. A report made to the steam navigating committee states that one central and four intermediate stations are to be erected between Suez and Cairo in the Desert, to be surrounded by substantial walls, and containing sleeping rooms, stabling, and a tank for water. Messrs Hill and Raven will provide carriages, wagons for luggage, and tents for the journey. After the first of October next, passengers landing at Suez will be conveyed in a comfortable carriage to the half-way house, a drive of ten hours; when another drive of nine to fourteen hours will bring them to Cairo, where an English hotel is established with a branch at Suez. The charge will be six pounds each to adults, and three pounds each for children and servants.—*Courier.*

The Sultan and Mehemet Ali.—The following article is copied from Bell's weekly Messenger.

There scarcely appears to be a ripple on the current of the political stream, but there is a black shadow fleeting across the surface of the waters in the extreme southern parts of the Mediterranean, which presages some menace of a future storm in those quarters, at no very distant period. It appears by the German papers, confirmed by mercantile letters that Mehemet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt, had conceived of the purpose of declaring himself entirely independent of the Crand Senior, and thus severing forever the Egyptian provinces from the body of the Turkish empire. It seems that he has sounded all the European Ambassadors, both at Pera and Cairo, as to the probable part which their respective sovereigns would take in the contest: and as these gentlemen, generally speaking, are better qualified to discharge the ordinary routine of their office, than to settle and discuss any extraordinary political question, the Pacha has contrived to throw these diplomatic circles into unusual disorder, and has excited amongst this sensitive body of well-read and well-dressed employers a greater degree of panic and apprehension than the importance of the occasion justifies. The truth of the matter is, that Egypt has long been independent of the Porte, and that the Sultan has had for the last twenty years about as much real power in Egypt as the Queen of England has in France. The Pacha, indeed, continues to pay a nominal, but rather insulting homage to the Sultan, and this is all that he can now withdraw, and comprehends the only real extent in which the Porte can be indemnified. The affair, however, is not altogether without some importance, inasmuch as it may afford an opportunity to embroil the Sultan and the Pacha, and thus enable the Emperor Nicholas to get a further portion of the Ottoman dominions in the confusion which the rupture may occasion.

The following, on the same subject is copied from a late foreign Journal.

Constantinople, June, 27.—Satisfactory accounts have been received from Alexandria, and every thing assumes a pacific appearance. Most of the Egyptian men of war have returned to their stations, which may probably be ascribed to the declarations of the foreign Consuls and the approaching arrival of an English and French squadron, with which Mehemet Ali was threatened if he did not remain quiet, and respect the authority of the Porte. He has given the most positive assurance that he would do nothing to displease the Sultan. One million of piastres of Mehemet Ali's arrears of tribute has been paid. This money comes very seasonably; the garrison here had received no pay for a fortnight. The Sultan's treasury is quite exhausted, and it seems unaccountable that notwithsanding this pecuniary distress, so much expense should be incurred for embassies to foreign Courts.

Christianity in Pekin.—A letter from St. Petersburgh, June 23, received in Paris says—

We learn from Pekin, where a mission from the Greek Church of Russia has existed from the time of Peter the Great, that upwards of 300,000 Chinese have embraced Christianity, and that there is every reason to believe that all persecution of Christians was on the point of ceasing. The Emperor himself is said to have studied Christianity, and to hold it in respect; while at his accession to the throne, Christian blood was frequently made to flow. The rigorous laws against Christians now exist only on paper, and their execution is entrusted to such mandarins alone as are favorable to the Christians. The law of 1836, although in terms applying to all Christians, was directed solely against the English, of whose political influence the Emperor began to be afraid. There are in China several vicariats, whose chiefs are to be found at Pekin, Nankin, and Macao.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

The Depository of the Book and Pamphlet Society is at the Office of the Christian Register, in Water Street, No 19—up stairs.

It is open to all who may be in want of Unitarian Books and Tracts for distribution; and the Directors would inform such persons that they will be supplied gratis, on application as above. Besides the monthly tracts issued by the Unitarian Association, the Depository is supplied with various other treatises in defence of Liberal Christianity; and friends at a distance who write for them will be promptly supplied. Address David Reed, Publisher of the Christian Register.

"*" The anniversary of the Newton Theological Institution, will be holden in the Baptist Meeting House at Newton Centre, on Wednesday, the 22d of August, commencing at half past 9 o'clock, A.M

By order of the Faculty,

B. SEARS, Secretary.

Newton, Aug. 6, 1838.

MARRIAGES.

In this city Mr Seth Welskin to Miss Mary F. B. Doyle,

In this city, by Rev. Mr Putnam, Mr Edwin Baldwin, of the firm of Collins & Baldwin, of Bayou Sara, Louisana, to Miss Ellen Watson White of Roxbury, daughter of the late Miles White, Merchant in Halifax N. S.

Mr Increase C. Plant, merchant of Columbus Geo. to Miss Charlotte Walker daughter of Hon. Lovell Walker of Leominster, Mass.

In Lancaster, by Rev. Dr Thayer Mr Daniel K. Wilder to Mary M. Andrews.

In Monson 9th inst. Mr Alexander H. Avery, of Savannah, to Miss Mary Whitaker.

In Andover, Rev. Daniel Mansfield, of Wemham, to Miss Hannah F. daughter of Mr Ezra Abbot.

In Sanbornton, N. H. Charles Lane, Esq. U. S. Marshal for the District of New Hampshire to Miss Sarah Jane, daughter of the Rev. Abraham Bodwell.

In Northampton, on Wednesday, by the Rev. Mr Stearns, Mr Ebenezer Dale, of the firm of Johnson, Sewall & Co. of this city, to Miss Caroline M. Young, daughter of the late Daniel Young, Esq. of Windham, Ct.

DEATHS.

In this city, Henry Dorr, aged 17, son of Mr. Andrew C. Dorr.

In this city, on Monday, Mr. William B. Wilkins, of the firm of C. and W. B. Wilkins, 34.

On Friday morning last, Edward Blanchard, Esq. 77.

9th inst. suddenly, Mr. Erank Mullen.

In Charlestown, on Saturday morning, Sarah Emily Taggard, 17 months. Mrs. Polly, wife of Mr. Oliver Brown, 39.

In Sudbury Mrs Ellen S, wife of Mr. Paschal B. Comins, of this city, 29.

In Cambridge, Mrs. Lucy Ann, wife of Mr. Wm. L. Whitney, 26.

In Concord, N. H. 13th inst. John Farmer, Esq. a native of Billerica, Mass. 49, extensively known throughout New-England as an antiquary and author.

In Plymouth, 7th inst of consumption, Mrs. Anna, widow of Capt. Lewis Goodwin, 58.

In Bradford, Vt. Mrs Lois Clark, aged 83, formerly of Boston.

In New Haven, 10th inst. Lewis Henry, son of Lewis Tappan Esq. of New York, 17.

In Philadelphia, 8th inst. Mr. Jacob Chrystler, 80, one of Washington's Life Guards.

GOOD BOOKS CHEAP.

THE remaining copies of the following valuable books, published under the direction of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, Piety and Charity, will now be sold at the following reduced prices, viz:

The Nature and Design of a Christian Church. By the late Rev. Joseph Lathrop, of West Springfield, Mass. Fourth edition. With Remarks on the Lord's Supper, by another hand—20 cts.

The Biography of Distinguished Reformers, and History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century—25 cts.

Dissertations and Discourses on the Evidences and Spirit of Christianity—20 cts.

Meditations for the Afflicted, Sick and Dying—25 cents.

Maundrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem, A. D. 1697, to which is added an account of the Author's Journey to the banks of the Euphrates at Beer, and to the Country of Mesopotamia. First American edition, with corrections—37 cts.

The above volumes were edited by Rev. Mr Allen, Dr Lowell, Dr Ripley, Dr Bancroft, and Rev. Mr Greenwood. The Biography of Reformers, and Maundrell's Journey, will be found valuable books for Sunday School Teachers.

For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, Court street. au 18

THE FAMILY MAGAZINE, furnishing nearly 500 pages per annum, with many hundred engravings and entertaining illustrations of subjects, at but $1,50. Issued monthly, in New York, Cincinnati and Boston.

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DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA, by Alexis de Tocqueville. A new supply just received and for sale at TICKNOR'S,

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NEW SUPPLIES—August 14.—Poetry of Travelling, by Mrs Gilman. Homeward Bound, by Cooper—together with supplies of all the late works, This day received at TICKNOR'S.

aug 18

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WAVERLEY NOVELS, English edition.—1 set Waverley Novels, 48 vols. English edition.

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Just published, and for sale by H. P. NICHOLS & CO. a 18

TALES OF THE DAY, No. 12—this morning published, containing

Nicholas Nickleby, No. 4

Woman's Wit, by Knowles

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UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

DIVINITY SCHOOL.—Students are admitted at the commencement of the Academical year, passing an examination in Hebrew Grammar, and the first ten chapters of Deuteronomy. If unknown to the Faculty, they are to produce satisfactory testimonials of good character; and if not Bachelors of Arts, they pass an examination in Latin and Greek Grammar, Virgil, Cicero's Select Orations, Sallust, Jacob's Greek Reader, the first four books of Xenophon's Anabasis, the first book of Herodotus, Butler's Analogy, Locke's Essay, or some other treatise on Intellectual Philosophy, Paley's Moral Philosophy, or some other standard work on Ethics, and some approved compendium of Logic, Rhetoric, Geography, Arithmetic, Geometry, and Algebra.

Candidates for admission to an advanced standing, must have been engaged in the study of Theology, as long as the class which they propose to join; and pass an examination in the studies which that class has pursued.

Charges for instruction, rent and care of room and furniture, and use of class books, amount to $66 annually. Board may be had in the College commons. Each student must possess a copy of the Old and New Testament Scriptures in the original languages, the latter in Griesbach's edition. A copy of other classbooks is furnished on loan. Indigent students are aided from foundations and other sources. The term of residence is three years.

Applications for admission are made, and the examination begins, at the subscriber's lecture room, in Divinity College, at half past eight, A.M. of the first Friday after Commencement.

Persons, who have not studied Hebrew, may be prepared for the examination in that language, if they reside in Cambridge from the second week in July.

JOHN G. PALFREY,
Dean of the Faculty of Theology.

25th June, 1838. ta25

THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY COMMON SCHOOL CONVENTION

WILL meet in Lowell on Monday the 27th inst. when an address will be delivered by Hon. Horace Mann, Secretary of the Board of Education of the Commonwealth, Reports read on several subjects connected with the interests of our Schools, together with other exercises of an interesting character. School Committees, Teachers, and the Friends of Education generally throughout the County, are requested to be present.

O. A. DODGE, Cor. Sec'y.

Lexington, Aug. 6, 1838. 3t

NORTHFIELD ACADEMY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

A School for Teachers.

THE Fall Term will commence on Monday, Sept. 3, and continue eleven weeks. In addition to the branches usually taught, instruction will be given in Music—to such as desire to attend to that branch—two or three evenings each week, by one well qualified to teach on the plan recommended by the Boston Academy of Music.

PHINEAS ALLEN, Principal.

Northfield, Aug. 8, 1838.

CLASS OF 1829.

THE Members of the Class of 1829 are particularly requested to meet at the American House, Hanover street, Boston, on Commencement evening at 8 o'clock. WM. GRAY, G. W. PHILLIPS, E. L. CUNNINGHAM, A. LOCKE, } *Com.*

Aug. 8, 1838

CHARLESTOWN FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE next term of the Charlestown Female Seminary will commence on Monday, the 3d day of September next, and continue until the Thursday preceding the annual Thanksgiving.

Terms of Tuition.

For English branches, $7
" Languages, each 2 } Per
" Drawing, 2 } Term.
" Music, 7

Board in the Seminary House, is charged at cost, and will probably be from $1,75 to $2 per week, including washing.

During the past term, the average of Board has been only $1,70.

JOSEPH CARTER, Sec. pro tem.

Charlestown, July 24, 1838. j28 6t

DR. WARE'S 'CIRCULATION OF BOOKS.'

ALL the Books and Periodicals mentioned in Rev H. Ware's new Tract furnished by

a 11 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.—Sketches of a New England Village in the last Century.

'The following letters were really addressed, as they purport to have been, to a friend. They are substantially true. The little fiction that has been added is like the drop of honey on the rim of the cup to beguile the infant's taste, and bears the same proportion to the whole, that the drop does to the contents of the cup. If they persuade any young reader in these days of extravagant ostentation, that refinement may be cherished without luxury, and intellectual cultivation exist in the midst of the utmost frugality and simplicity of living, the purpose for which they have been drawn from the portfolio will be answered.'—*Preface.*

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Works of Pope, 4 vols 12mo
Life and Works of Burns, 8 vols 12mo plates
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Shakspeare, Singer's edition, 10 vols 12mo
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Lamb's Dramatic Works, 2 vols 12mo
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Crabbe's Poetical Works, 1 vol 8vo
Southey's Poetical Works, 7 vols 12mo plates
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Curiosities of Literature, 1 vol royal 8vo
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☞ For sale also in Boston, at the Shoestore of HARRINGTON & FISK, No. 48 Congress st.

jy21 6w

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE CHILD'S SPRING SONG.

I cannot, mother, stay at home,
It is so sweet a day;
Yon darling robin bids me come;
Mother, I *must* away!

My *body*, only, will sit still,
And count the weary hours,—
For, out by brother's little mill,
My *soul* is picking flowers!

Mother, you tell me I must mind,
And so my *body will;*
But then my *soul* you cannot bind!
'T is out by brother's mill!

Then, mother, let me quickly go
Where that 's already gone;
Oh, mother, do not tell me, no!
My soul is all alone!

For though I 've heard you often say
That spirits round us fly,
Who have no bodies made of clay,
Yet, Ma, I know not why,

I should not like such soul to be;
I should but sob and moan,
'Oh, body! body! come to me!
My soul is all alone!'

My soul, dear mother, will not stay!
It hears the robins sing;
It cannot stay at home today!
It will not *mind* in Spring!

My body 's tired of sitting still;
Then let it seek the bowers
Where, out by brother's little mill,
My soul is picking flowers! J. S. A.

From the Forget Me Not.

REBECCA PARTING WITH JACOB.

BY MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

My youngest born, my pride of heart, thou must,
thou must away;
Thy brother's wrathful hand is raised, and here thou canst not stay.
Oh, I have deeply sinned for thee—the chastisement be mine,
And I will bear it all, my son!—the blessing shall be thine!

What matter though my childless years in grief and pain pass on?
Thou wilt be safe from danger's hour, my own, my darling son!
And, like a fountain sending forth a sweet and murmuring sound,
Thy pleasant voice will come to me, from some far distant ground.

Go, bear thy mother's blessing back to those from whom she came;
My kinsmen's hearts will leap with joy to hear Rebecca's name.
Say to them, Haran's shaded well, and flocks that near it stray,
Come to me in my midnight dreams as fresh as yesterday.

Speed on—and when thy nimble feet have brought thee to the place,
And when thou stand'st, an exiled one, before my brother's face,
Tell him thou bear'st thy mother's soul, and therefore wilt not twine
Around the savage olive tree a strong and noble vine.

Ask if, of all my kinsman's house, no maiden bright there be,
Of lofty soul, with heart to seek thy father's God with thee,
And if there be, oh, say to her, 'Rebecca left her all;
The father of the faithful spake, and she obeyed the call.'

The angel of the covenant protect thee, precious child!
Defend thee from the covered snare, direct thee in the wild!
O! I shall weep in darkness oft, to think thy houseless head
Must pillow on the stony ground, or seek the foxes' bed.

But glory, breaking on the gloom, my grief to joy shall turn;
Proud mother of a favored race, ah! wherefore shouldst thou mourn?
Go then, fulfil Jehovah's word; the blessing is for thee,
And joy, and pride, and thankfulness, beloved son, for me.

LAURA D. BRIDGMAN,

The deaf, dumb, and blind Girl, of the New England Institution for the Blind, Boston.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Where hides the light that to the eye
A holy message gave,
Tinging the retina with rays
From sky, and sea, and wave?—
And where the sound, that to the soul
Its sinuous passage wrought?
Or deftly breathing made the lip
A harp-string to the thought?

All fled!—all gone!—not even the rose
An odor left behind,
Faintly, with broken reed to trace
The tablet of the mind.
That mind!—it struggles with its doom,
The sleepless conflict, see!—
As through its Bastile-bars, it seeks
Communion with the free.

Yet still its prison-robe it wears,
Without a prisoner's pain,
For happy childhood's mimic sun
Glows in each bounding vein,—
And blest philosophy is near,
Each labyrinth to scan,
Through which the subtlest clue may bind
To Nature and to Man.

So, little daughter, lift thy head,
For Christian love is nigh,
To listen at thy dungeon-grate,
And every want supply.
Say, lurks there not some beam from heaven
Amid thy bosom's night?
Some echo from a better land,
To make thy smile so bright?

There 's many a lamp in Greenland cell,
Deep 'neath a world of snow,
That cheers the lonely household group,
Though none beside may know;
And doth not God our Father's hand
Light in thy cloister dim
A hidden and peculiar lamp,
To guide thy steps to him?

Boston, July 9, 1838. }
Institution for the Blind. }

MISCELLANEOUS.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

We shall not here enter into any detailed description of the manner in which each species conducts its migration; but shall content ourselves with citing the single remarkable example of the motions of the Cranes. Of all migrating birds, these appear to be endowed with the greatest share of foresight. They never undertake a journey alone; throughout a circle of several miles, they appear to communicate the intention of commencing their route. Several days previous to their departure, they call upon each other by a peculiar cry, as if to give warning to assemble at a central point; the favorable moment being at length arrived, they betake themselves to flight, and, in military style, fall into two lines, which uniting at the summit, form an extended angle with two equal sides. At the central point of the phalanx, the chief takes his station, to whom the whole troop by their subordination, appear to have pledged their obedience. The commander has not only the painful task of breaking the path through the air, but he has, also, the charge of watching for the common safety; to avoid the attacks of birds of prey; to range the two lines in a circle, at the approach of a tempest in order to resist, with more effect, the squalls which menace the dispersion of the linear ranks; and, lastly, it is to their leader that the fatigued company look up to appoint the most convenient places for nourishment and repose. Still, important as is the station and function of the aerial director, its existence is but momentary. As soon as he feels sensible of fatigue, he cedes his place to the next in the file and retires himself to its extremity. During the night, their flight is attended with considerable noise; the loud cries which we hear, seem to be the marching orders of the chief, answered by the ranks who follow his commands. Wild Geese, and several kinds of Ducks, also make their aerial voyage, nearly in the same manner as the Cranes. The loud call of the passing Geese, as they soar securely through the higher regions of the air, is familiar to all; but as an additional proof of their sagacity and caution, we may remark, that when the fogs in the atmosphere render their flight necessarily low, they steal along in silence, as if aware of the danger to which their lower path now exposes them.

To assist the efforts of birds, and sustain them through their long journeys, it is often necessary to borrow the aid of the winds; but that this element may assist, it is proper that it meet them; or be in the reverse of its aid to the navigator. This observation is so far verified, that to succeed in the chase of birds upon the water, it is necessary to approach them by cutting the wind upon them; consequently, by the disposition of their wings, they are obliged to come towards the boat, which is also at the same time pushed towards them. Our common Passenger Pigeons, and Wild Geese, decided migrators, may be observed, when moving in the largest bodies, flying in a path contrary to the wind. The direction of the winds is, then, of the greatest importance to the migration of birds, not only as an assistance when favorable, but to be avoided when contrary, as the most disastrous of accidents, when they are traversing the ocean. If the breeze suddenly change, the aerial voyagers tack to meet it, and diverging from their original course, seek the asylum of some land or island, as is the case very frequently with the Quails, who consequently, in their passage across the Mediterranean, at variable times, make a descent in immense numbers on the islands of the Archipelago, where they wait, sometimes for weeks, the arrival of a propitious gale to terminate their journey. And hence we perceive the object of the migrating birds when they alight upon a vessel at sea; it has fallen in their course while seeking refuge from a baffling breeze, or overwhelming storm, and after a few hours rest, they wing their way to their previous destination. That nature has provided ample means to fulfill the wonderful instinct of these feeble but cautious wanderers, appears in every part of their economy. As the period approaches for their general depature, and the chills of autumn begin to be felt, their bodies begin to be loaded with celullar matter, and at no season of the year are the true birds of passage so fat, as at the approach of their migration. The Gulls, Cranes, and Herons, almost proverbially macilent, are at this season loaded with this reservoir of nutriment, which is intended to administer to their support through their arduous and hazardous voyage. With this natural provision, dormant animals also commence their long and dreary sleep through the winter; a nutritious resource, no less necessary in birds while engaged in fulfilling the powerful and waking reveries of instinct.

But if the act of migration surprise us when performed by birds of active power of wing, it is still more remarkable when undertaken by those of short and laborious flight, like the Coots and Rails, who, in fact, perform a part of their route on foot. The Great Penguin, (*Alca impennis,*) the Guillemont, and the Divers, even make their voyage chiefly by dint of swimming. The young Loons, (*Colymbus glacialis*) bred in inlands ponds, though provibially lame, (and hence the name Lom or Loon,) without recourse to their wings, which are at this time inefficient, continue their route from pond to pond, floundering over the intervening land by night, until at length they gain some creek of the sea, and finally complete their necessary migration by water.

Birds of passage, both in the old and new continents, are observed generally to migrate southwest in autumn, and to pass to the northeast in spring. Parry, however, it seems, observed the birds of Greenland proceeded to the south east. This apparent aberration from the usual course, may be accounted for by considering the habits of these aquatic birds. Intent on food and shelter, a part, bending their course over the cold regions of Norway and Russia, seek the shores of Europe; while another division, equally considerable, south-west, spread themselves over the interior of the United States, and the coast and kingdom of Mexico.

This propensity to change their climate, induced by whatever cause, is not confined to the birds of temperate regions; it likewise exists among many of those who inhabit the tropics. Aquatic birds, of several kinds, according to Humbolt, cross the line on either side about the time of a periodical rise of the rivers. Waterton, likewise, who spent much time in Demerara and the neighboring countries, observed, that the visits of many of the tropical birds were periodical. Thus the wonderful Campanero, (*Casmarhynchos carunculata,*) whose solemn voice is heard, at intervals, tolling like the convent bell, was rare to Waterton, but frequent in Brazil, where they most probably retire to breed. The failure of particular food at any season, in the mildest climate, would be a sufficient incentive to a partial and overland migration with any species of the feathered race.

BENEFITS OF WALKING.

'Were I a gentleman, (said Dr Abernethy,) I would never get into my carriage.' Dr Urwin, in his book on mental diseases says:—

'Last week I conversed with a veteran in literature and years, whose powers of mind no one can question, however they may differ from him in speculative points. This gentleman has preserved the health of his body and the soundness of his mind through a long course of multifarous and often depressing circumstances by a steady perseverance in the practice of walking every day. He has survived, by a very long period, almost all the literary characters that were his contemporaries at the period in which his own writings excited so much public attention; almost all of them have dropped into the grave, one after he other, while he has continued on in an uninterrupted course; they were men of far less regular habits, and I am obliged to add of much less equanimity of mind; but the preservation of this equanimity has, I verily believe, been mainly insured by the unvaried practice to which I have referred, and which to others would prove equally available, if steadily and perseveringly pursued.

The following *piquant* anecdote of the Archbishop of Bordeaux, who preceded Cardinal de Cheverus, we take in substance from the *Mode.* The worthy prelate in the superabundance of his charity to the poor, was rather unmindful of the maxim seldom forgotten by modern philanthropists, that 'charity begins at home,' and, to supply the wants of his destitute flock, frequently left himself without even the necessaries of life. On the list of useful articles wanting to renew his wardrobe a nether garment had long stood foremost, but the Archbishop had positively forbidden his valet de chambre to give an order to his tailor to supply the deficiency, as the price of the 'unmentionables' might according to his benevolent view of the case, be more appropriately applied in relieving the poor. To overcome the Prelate's obstinacy a charitable lady, well known at Bordeaux, at the suggestion of the valet, acquainted the Archbishop that a *pauvre malheureux* among his flock was in such a state of destitution that he was without unmentionables! 'How!' responded the Prelate, whose compassionate feelings were instantly awakened—'then, if only for decency's sake take him this money, and let him be immediately provided.' Two days afterwards the Archbishop's valet placed a new pair of shorts by his bedside. The Prelate indignantly remonstrated with his servitor upon his extravagance and his disobedience of orders, and was not a little astounded on learning that he himself was the *pauvre malheureux* for whom, at the intercession of the worthy dame above mentioned, he had ordered the purchase of the necessary portion of attire.

APPLICATION.

'What an odd looking fellow that is,' says a town boy, as he sees one who has just come from a distant village, 'and then how awkward he is; how sheepish he looks; how he strokes down his hair; and how he throws out his legs when he walks!'

Let me say for him, then, you see him *out of his place.* Were you to go back with him, you would find he could plough, and reap, and thresh, and look after the sheep and the cattle, and support his aged mother by his earnings; and *this is more than you could do!*

'What do you think,' says the country boy, 'of that cockney lad? Why he knows nothing! Father put him on our Jack, and how he looked! why I could ride better when I was three years old! Ha! ha! ha! And then he thought them clipped hedges grew so! and that we cut wheat with a scythe—and—and—'

Stop, my boy, you have not seen him *at home,* and in a farmer's house *he is out of his place.* He reads nicely, he writes beautifully, he ciphers well, and he can tell you all about the Presidents of the United States; and mention all the mountains and rivers, and productions of the earth—and *this is what you could not do.*

Children and people, then, are to be judged of when they are in that state for which nature or instruction has designed them. A weaver would make a poor blacksmith; a carpenter would make a poor tailor; and yet each of them, kept in his place, may do his work well; and no one is to be blamed for the want of what he never had an opportunity of acquiring.

[From the National Ægis.]

COLLECTIONS RELATING TO FASHIONS AND DRESS IN NEW ENGLAND.

By the Rev. Joseph B. Felt.

[*Continued.*]

VEILS.

These have long been a part of attire in the East. We read of Rebecca's putting on her veil when about to meet Isaac. It was an article of dress worn by the ladies, who were among the original settlers of our country. In 1634, at a Boston lecture, the question was discussed at to women's appearing with them. Mr Cotton, though while in England, of an opposite opinion on this subject, maintained, that, in countries where veils 'were not a sign of the women's subjection, they were not commanded by the Apostle.' Mr Endicott, of Salem, took different ground, and Roger Williams sided with his parishioner. Both of these persons had been zealous to promote the fashion of such a covering for the heads of ladies in their towns. On this account, the Congregation of Naumkeag showed more veils than any other in the Colony. This fact escaped neither the observation nor reproof of Mr Cotton, when he preached for them. In the forenoon, he broached his theory on the subject which hinted to the female part of his audience, that the veil was an indication of more submission to the other sex, than was tolerated by the Gospel. The practical inference was soon made, and the afternoon saw many an open face in the Sanctuary, which had previously appeared there carefully concealed. Well would it be, if clerical instruction in other points, had always been so speedy in its effect.

Still, however the master of our New England Israel was successful, and however the veil became much less popular in the city of peace, it has its periods of abundance and scarcity even to this day. As made of various materials, it has been much in vogue for a quarter of a century.

DRESS APRONS.

The custom of wearing these was imported by our primitive mothers. Till 1770, the richer classes were seen at meeting on the Sabbath, with muslin, silk, lawn, and embroidered aprons, while the poorer appeared there with checked ones. Such a part of female attire has reappeared within ten years. Aprons, to be used in various callings of the community, aside from those merely worn for the sake of fashionable purposes, have been in constant requisition among many males as well as females.

HOODS.

Previous to the settlement of our country, these were common in Europe for both sexes After hats came into vogue, hoods seem to have been retained by females. The Simple Cobler of Agawam, in view of such dress as worn by our ancestors, thus expressed himself in 1647: 'Methinks it should break the hearts of Englishmen to see so many good Englishwomen imprisoned in French cages, peering out of their hood holes.'

In 1651, our colonial government enacted, that if any females, not worth £200, should wear silk and tiffany hoods, they should be prosecuted and fined. Several ladies were actually arraigned for infringing on this statute, but they were released on being proved worth, either of themselves or their husbands, the requisite sum. Such transactions as this, in the present day, and under our republican institutions, would be accounted an outrage upon natural rights, and cause more than a Shay's rebellion.

The hood, however, though called to buffet the storm of legal inquisition, continues to be used. In some degree or other, it has been kept from sinking into forgetfulnesss. So great is its utility in cold and boisterous weather, it has a fair claim to be numbered among the habiliments of every lady's wardrobe.

BONNETS.

These in their many changes of materials and forms, have been always worn in our country. Like hoods they existed before the invention of hats, and appeared anciently on men as well as women. Down to 1780, females in our country parishes used to keep their bonnets off, while at worship in the meeting house. It is probable, that not long before this, the same was done on the sea-board. Modes of the country are derived from the town. Skimmers, with scarcely any crown, put over cushions and coming down in front as much as the bonnets for several late years have looked up, were common before and after 1760. Previously and subsequently to 1765, the black satin jockey, as well as hats of the same material, appeared in considerable numbers. The Musk Melon bonnet beginning to be worn prior to the Revolution, had the crown stiffened with abundance of whale bones. The straw 'bee hive bonnet' also had its run. The Calash of green silk very high and large, sustained with the same kind of bone just mentioned, was in vogue a half century since, and lasted about 15 years. Of a smaller size we may recollect, they reappeared in 1820, and still hold a place among the articles of female attire. Ten years ago the wonder of bonnets for size, made their *debut.* After a lead of five years, they began to contract their dimensions, till they appeared of moderate proportions. At present, however, they seem to partake very much of the spirit for over-stepping reasonable limits, so prevalent in our Republic. We remember, that so great were certain cheeses presented to Mr Jefferson, while in the Presidency, and to Messrs. Clay and Webster, at a later date, they were called *mammoth* by common consent. We see no sufficient objection, why the bonnets, now prompted by ambition for no common greatness, should not receive the same appellation. Their departure can hardly be regretted, when the time comes for the diminution of their extremities, so far as convenience and comfort of travelling vehicles are concerned. As Cardinal Woolsey took leave of his worldly eminence, so we should be glad of an opportunity to address all huge bonnets, 'Farewell—a long farewell to all your greatness.'

RAYLES.

These seem to have been a sort of robe. Addison had them in view when he remarked, 'An antiquary will scorn to mention a pinner or a *night rayle*; but will talk as gravely as a father of the Church on the Vitta and Peplus.' They were fashionable in the beginning of New England, and have continued more or less ever since. As early as 1634, the authorities of Massachusetts prohibited the use of 'immoderate great rayles.' In five years afterwards, so hard to hear were the female part of the community, the same prohibition was repeated. Still the ladies held to the fashion, as one of the particulars, which Miss Martineau would denominate 'rights of women.' Their perseverance, however, was not intended to break the ice for their introduction to a participation in the strifes and offices of political life.

WINGS.

These were probably what were called pinners, from pinna, a wing. They were put under the same condemnation with forbidden rayles. They appear to have been lappets of a head or hood, and by aid of the wind, flaunted liberally about. They continued to be sported till within a half century. Gay observes:

'The goodly countenance I 've seen
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.'

New Great Seal of England.—We have been favored with the following description of the new Great Seal, just made by Mr Benjamin Wyon, chief engraver of her majesty's seals. It is a beautiful specimen of art, and reflects the highest credit on the talents, skill and professional taste of the artist:—Obverse. An equestrian figure of her Majesty attended by a page; the Queen is supposed to be riding in state; over a riding habit she is attired in a large robe, or cloak, and the collar of the Order of the Garter; in her right hand she carries a sceptre, and on her head is placed a royal diadem; the attendant page with hat in hand, looks up to the Queen, whilst gently restraining the impatient horse, which is richly decorated with plumes and trappings; the inscription, 'Victoria Dei Gratia Britaniarum Regina, Fidei Defensor, is engraved in Gothic letters, and the spaces between the words are filled with heraldic roses. Reverse. The Queen, royally robed and crowned, holding in her right hand the sceptre, and in her left the orb, is seated upon the throne, beneath a rich Gothic canopy; on either side is a figure of Justice and Religion; and in the exergue are the royal arms and crown; the whole encircled by a wreath or border of oak and roses.—[London paper.

Steam Cabs.—Friday afternoon Hyde Park presented a more than usually gay appearance in consequence of a crowd of fashionables being assembled to witness the trial of a newly constructed steam cab About three o'clock the object of attraction moved forward at a slow pace from the old foot-guard barracks, Knightsbridge, and threaded its way through the various vehicles into the Park, passing through the centre gate of the triumphal arch, and making, in the open space opposite the statue, several turns within its own length. The vehicle was then propelled, with apparent ease, for three or four hours round the Park, and from the slight noise it made the horses did not appear to be frightened. Another improvement in steam travelling that was commented on by those assembled was, that no burning coals were thrown into the road. It appears that the cab, including the machinery, weighs about a ton. The water tank, which is placed under the sitters (three in number,) contains 30 gallons, and there is room for four bushels of fuel. The engines are calculated at two-and-a-half horse power, and the average speed of the cab is about 12 miles an hour calculating the usual ascent and descent on common roads. The vehicle was, on Friday, guided by Mr Hancock, the inventor. It appears this mode of travelling has excited the attention of the Post Office authorities, and a few days since an exhibition of the propelling force of the carriage was made in the presence of the Dukes of Norfolk and Leinster, and the Earl of Lichfield, all of whom expressed themselves in favorable terms of the invention.—[London paper.

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